# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

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## Pro-Slavery.

"IS THERE NO LUNATIC ASYLUM IN CORK?" is a question very *properly* asked by a gentleman in the *New York Truth Teller* of the 28th ult., who signs himself JOSEPH BRENAN,—and acknowledges that his nativity was in the "beautiful city." Why does he propound such a query, will be, at once asked. "For very cogent reasons," we respond. They are, that some of the most abject white slaves in Christendom—the grovelling and submissive serfs of the negrodom of Europe—Britain's slavish dependency (Ireland,) have had passed, at a meeting held in Cork, whereat the mayor presided, resolutions relative to our fugitive slave law, and expressing their abhorrence of its enactments. Would to God the fanatics would look around them on *every side*, in their own oppressed and degraded land, for the really manacled, without seeking objects of commiseration beyond the Atlantic wave: First see the beam in their own eyes before they search out the mote in others. Unrive their own bondsmen's chains, which have rendered them less than *men* in the sight of the free, before they *philanthropically* prate about "justice and mercy"—attributes, of which, they are wholly ignorant and know not the meaning; for, if they did, Britain would have been made, through the strength of their good right arms and the courage of their *manly* hearts, long since, to have dispensed both to them, in any other admeasurement but the merest *dribelts*.

Strange infatuation of a people whom the world pities! They appear not to have minds sufficiently comprehensive to know the extent of their own servile state, and worse than negro condition! Their galling fetters, which every one deplores but themselves) have rusted by lengthened wear, corroded into their flesh—have sunk into their bones, and will yet pierce the very marrow of them, as the painful, searing thought of their humiliating abjectness has pierced and burned into the hearts of all, who feel for the timid and truckling of their native isle! *They* comment on the *evils* of Slavery, of which they have not the remotest idea, and when no evils are similar to their own, patiently borne, colossal ones! *They* talk of "suffering humanity!"—*they*, the last on man's rightful heritage, whose beggar plaints were heard in all quarters of the world, and *answered* in America—and whose "sufferings" made eloquent every tongue—commiserate "*suffering humanity*" in America, and shut their eyes on it in Ireland!

Where, in the name of heaven, has humanity suffered more dreadfully, and for as lengthened a period, as in the impoverished isle? Yet, Irish bondsmen—*hereditary* bondsmen, express their hearty sympathy with the numbers of their oppressed fellow men, held in chains here. Why need they go abroad to do so? or seek, beyond their own hearthstones, for subjects of commiseration? Are there in the world, millions of blacks or whites, as oppressed as they? Why, gentlemen of Cork, now so distinguished for your philanthropy for the slaves, are you not aware that your country and countrymen are bye-words in the very mouths of the blacks themselves? Often have we heard our well fed and pampered slaves, male and female, (your very antipodes in sleekness,) commiserate Erin's wretchedness,—and exclaim: "Heben pity dem poor Irishmens!"—while others make a laughing stock of, and jeer the stunted and starved specimens of the "finest peasantry in the world," which you send among us.

The slaves of this country think the poor Irish infinitely more deserving of commisseration than themselves; and they are correct in so supposing—for many of them regard themselves as far superior in all the attributes of men, to *your* countrymen, emancipators of Cork, who daily land here—and, ten to one but they would look on you, *quasi* emancipators, of the beautiful city, in the same light, and burlesque you, were you obligated to immigrate. Hear the stupid oafs, who constitute the Anti-Slavery Society in Cork—and that they are silly, *bleating* things, is evident, from their having a *lambkin* as President—JAMES LAMBKIN, Esq.; they consider "Slavery to be not less at variance with the soundest principles of enlightened policy, than repugnant to the plainest obligations of morality and religion." Then, if so, and with this enunciated knowledge of its heniousness before them, why suffer its tortures so long; why brook England's yoke, or tolerate the tyrant's lash, until hecatombs of lives have been sacrificed, and thousands, famine stricken and appalled, have fled the land, where Slavery is the only heir-loom of the millions—millions who fear to walk erect in the attitude of freemen, and are bowed down and debased in the very dust! Oh, could these Corkonians witness the happiness of Africa's *nominal* bondsmen, and contrast it with the deep seated misery of Ireland's *real* slaves, they would blush for their *amiable* weakness and mistaken folly, and shame to think they had lost a thought on the ebon race,—better cared and as amply provided for, as themselves: they who have abundance to spare, to feed the sick and attenuated of *Great* Britain. But we give place to the scathing lecture of Mr. Brenan, which, we trust, will have its effect on the intermeddling of Cork and the serfs of Ireland. Mr. B., we have ascertained, was assistant editor of Mitchell's *Felon*; and, inferring from his bold and manly style, he was well adapted to such a print and such a period. Hear him "speak daggers" to his once fellow townsmen:

If you were wise merchants, and understood the importance of making your harbour a port for American trade, and consequently of eschewing insults to the American people, you would perceive how expensive such sympathy might become, and perhaps (contrary to the nature of Corkmen) hold your tongues.

But the *argumentum ad crumenam* is despised in this age of "civilization" and spiritual developments. Perhaps justly. I, for one, would avoid it, if possible, and only hint at it now.

I remember that Richard Dowden, one of your "resolvers," often contended in the "Cork Scientific and Literary Association," that a man should endeavour to understand a subject before discussing it. I regret that he has not followed his own rule.

For, I may be allowed to ask, what do you individually or collectively know of this question of American Slavery. Let me catechise you in detail.

1st. Do you know that the Slavery question is the most important question in the domestic politics of America?

2d. Do you know that continued agitation of this question endangers the safety of this government—risks the happiness of twenty-four millions of men for the immediate realization of a crotchet, and threatens the stability of republicanism in its last and noblest stronghold?

3d. Do you know that "the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause throughout America" are the very worst enemy of the negro—the men who are doing most to prevent the emancipation of the slaves and the settlement of the question. Aristocratic *dilettanti*, who are monarchists in faith and agitators by profession? Or can it be possible that you are still, after fifty years somewhat bitter experience, enamoured followers of agitation?

4th. Do you know that said "friends" are for the most part English by birth, or descendants of the Tory opponents of the revolution—paid, yes, absolutely *paid*, many of them—George Thompson and Garrison, for instance—to embarrass the American "legislature"—as you call it—and involve the Republic in difficulties? That their cue is to fling dirt on the graves of Washington and Jefferson; to attack the Constitution which has sheltered your countrymen from the effects of the "liberty" which you enjoy at home, and to trumpet the honour, the mercy, the glory of England to all the long ears which are ready to listen to their treason?

5th. Do you know that "your fellow professors of the Christian faith"—as you term them—are in the habit of asserting that "Jesus Christ is the principal slaveholder of America?" For, I assure you, I have heard the assertion made by the Cosophoceus of abolition—William Lloyd Garrison. Christ is by no means as popular with them as the negroes. I have little doubt that they will regard you—the authors of those childish resolutions—as much greater philanthropists than the Redeemer. Don't be shocked. What I tell you is true as truth.

6th. Do you know that immediate emancipation of the slaves would be very likely to slit open the throats of the Southern planters—to produce a chaos, the predominant hue of which would be *red*—to realize the worst curse that humanity can endure—a revolution *without* ideas? If you do not know this—as of course you don't—I recommend you to pay a visit to the Cork Library, and read a chapter on the subject in De Tocqueville's work on America.

7th. Do you know that *gradual* emancipation is practicable, and will be achieved if you and all well meaning fools like you, attend a little more to your own affairs, and avoid meddling in the domestic policy of a country which is a complete riddle to you? Southern Planters are as anxious as you are to emancipate the negro, but they desire to effect that object without enslaving or destroying themselves, and moreover they have a decided objection to being bullied into anything. If you must exercise your ingenuity on conundrums, why not purchase Moore's Almanac, or a copy of the *Province of Munster*?

8th. Do you know that England is endeavouring at this moment to dismember the American Union and trample the last flag of Republicanism, by playing a clever double game—appealing to the South on the score of her mercantile interests and promising great things in return for secession, and appealing to the North against the sin of Slavery and the miserable condition of the plantation negroes? You may not credit this; though I believe she tried the same game with *you*, succeeded in making you quarrel one with another, and stood by, crying "sssa at him, boy," while you were tearing each other to pieces.

9. Do you know that the southern slaves are actually fed? Did that *white* slave—Jim Molony, or Jerry Sullivan—who applauded your fine sentiments enthusiastically, cheer for you on a good dinner or on an empty stomach? I think, on the latter. Stripes on the back? Good God, what is the bite of a whip to the bite of famine?

10th. Do you know that Southern slaves can and do acquire property, and frequently make sufficient, by working after hours, to purchase their liberty if they please—which they generally do *not*?

11th. Do you not believe—be candid now—that you have made asses of yourselves? If you do not, you are alone in your disbelief.

I would append another catechism to the above, touching white Slavery, if I had leisure. As it is, I must find time for a few queries I pray you, for the sake of your own credit, for the sake of classic old Cork—the well-won fame of which is the only Irish subject I am proud of—think seriously of them, and do not fly into a passion and twaddle as you are very likely to do.

1st. Are not you, Robert Lambkin, and you, Richard Dowden, and you A. F. Roche, despised, downtrodden, spat-upon slaves? Have you security in your homes, or in your souls—have you a single characteristic of freedom about you? I do not refer to you individually—one of you at least cannot be blamed—but I speak of all Irishmen. Do you suppose that a Southern slave would change quarters with the people who throng your streets, snivelling before your "honours" and begging a "ha'peny for God'e sake." Yah! yah! I guess he'd show his teeth and shake his jolly, plump chin at the proposition. No, a negro does not undervalue his dinner; he objects on principle to starvation; and in the absence of the ordinary amount of nutriment, I believe he would not have as much "patience and perseverance" in breaking old roads and living upon air, as a certain people I wot of.

2d. Do you imagine the world regards you as *men?* I am sorry your imaginations are so powerful. You are looked upon as dogs, and treated as such. You are kicked, and you only snarl; you are kicked again, and you show your teeth; you are kicked more fiercely, and you run round the corner with your tail clapped to your buttocks, you never bite. Do you—Richard Dowden? You know something of Repeal agitation and can answer. And you talk of American Slavery; God help your foolish heads and teach you to look at home.

3d. Would it not be better for you to forge one pike or point one gun against the monopolists of your country, who murder the people wholesale, and think as little of knocking the life out of a peasant as I would of knocking the ashes out of my pipe, and strew the walls of the houses and the bones of the serfs over your rich fields—would it not be wiser to do *that* than spend your time in abusing America, which has dragged your brothers out of the grave by the hair of their heads, and fed you, aye, fed you, paupers as you are, when corn was rotting in your granaries and you were too cowardly, too debased, with too much of snake's blood in you, to touch a single grain of it. Pah! you are the laughing stock of the world. A nation of Asses would show more manhood and more common sense.

4th. Does not charity begin at home? How do you pay your tradesmen and labourers—do you give them men's wages and enable them to live as men? No. A negro slave would save more money in a month than your drudges could collect in a lifetime. And yet you regard the American legislature with "abhorrence;" unlike yours, *it* never taught us the organization of famine.

5th. If you must turn your hands to the trade of emancipation, why not adopt resolutions—and, better than that, carry them out—to emancipate the thousands of your countrymen who are now rotting in the Poor-houses—running blind from disease, as I read in your papers, shrunken, withered wretches, shriveled up like burned paper—not men, but hideous ghosts of men, with rubbish for brains and mud for blood—why don't you emancipate them? If your sympathy is exclusively confined to the sable hue, why not take blacking brushings and rub their faces into darkness? You can then regard them as negroes, and I assure you you will flatter them much by so doing.

*Satis superque*, I would say more, though, if I were allowed. My pen runs nimbly on this subject, for I feel what I say. But I must stop somewhere, and I do so now by asking you, fathers and sons of slaves, to do something for yourselves before you begin to express your "abhorrence of America."—*New Orleanian.*

## Selections.

### AN INTELLIGENT NEGRO'S OPINION OF KENTUCKY.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.—"We trust none of our readers will fail to peruse and bestow a moment's reflection upon the letter in this morning's *Express*, written by the black man Daniel, (or Daniel Davis) the alleged fugitive slave, whose case is now under adjudication, before the proper tribunal, at Buffalo, in this State. It is a document full of plain truths worth studying."

Such is the flourish with which the *Express* introduced to its readers, this morning, the following letter, purporting to have been written by Daniel, the alleged fugitive slave, whose recent trial before Mr. Commissioner H. K. Smith, has furnished another admirable commentary upon the harmonizing influence of the Fugitive Slave law at Buffalo:

"*To the Coloured population of Buffalo:*

"I thank you for what you have tried to do for me. You meant it for good, but it is of no use. We coloured people of Kentucky are about as well off as you are. I am going back—I had rather go than stay here. I hope you will not interfere with my going. My master, Mr. Moore, has always treated me well; I feel that I did wrong in running away—he bought me at my urgent request; he placed confidence in me, and I do not feel that I ought to deceive him. If he had treated me ill I should feel differently about it. He never did. I was advised to run away and come to a free State, or I should not have done so; the advice was bad, though I reckon it was not so meant. We are about as well off in Kentucky as you are here, and some of us better. I shall advise the Kentucky boys when I get home to stay where they are. We have plenty to eat and to wear, and are not badly worked—this everybody knows who has been in Kentucky.

"Again my coloured brethren, I thank you for your kind sympathies, and my white abolition brethren in Buffalo, I wish you the same, but I do not want you to do any more for me.

August 28, 1851.

his
DANIEL × DAVIS."
mark.

We saw this letter several days ago in one of the Buffalo papers, but it appeared on its face to be such a palpable attempt to impose upon the public through a previous and yet more iniquitous imposition upon Davis, that we took no more notice of it than we ordinarily do of the manifold fabrications of the lower law politicians and journalists, who are struggling to earn their daily bread, and consequently, saving the Union when it is in no danger.

We remarked, in the first place, that the letter was better phrased than a man was likely to dictate who does not know how to write; and we join with the Albany *Atlas* in the expression of our regret that the Buffalo papers did not give a precise transcript of the "mark" that appears as signature to this epistle. It is simply given "Daniel × Davis his mark," whereas Daniel's mark, as described in court, was "two inches in length behind the ear, a clear cut to be inflicted with a stick," but more irregular than represented by the *Express*.

In the next place, it was so obviously gotten up for outside effect that we presumed Davis had never heard it read, or if he had, that he signed it through intimidation.

In the third place, we never put much faith in stories about negroes preferring Slavery to liberty, much as we are willing to allow for the brutifying influence of the divine institution. But the capacious and shark-like stomach of the *Express* took the whole story right down, nothing particular; whether genuine or a forgery, it was all the same to them. It would answer a purpose nearer to their hearts than promoting the ends of truth and justice. The letter reveals to the editors of that journal an amount of intelligence and sagacity which was probably never before embodied in so short a document since Cadmus visited Egypt.

Thus these learned Thebans wreak their admiration on expression:

"This man DANIEL, is, evidently, a person gifted with considerably more common sense and shrewdness, than we are accustomed to look for among people of his class and colour. In this letter of his he has manifested a keen power of penetration, which distinguishes him as an excellent judge of character. He has discrimination, too, and a remarkable readiness in divining men's motives, with a peculiar aptitude of analysis in cases where hypocrisy, and false pretences are mixed up with a lying philanthropy and the schemes of the demagogue.

"This is the character of the man Daniel, as we infer from the sensible letter he has left as an invaluable legacy to the coloured population of Buffalo. And being so intelligent and shrewd a person, what he writes, we repeat, is entitled to a profounder consideration than is commonly conceded to ordinary productions of negro literature."

But to realize the heights and depths of folly which this article explores, we must give the following dispatch just received by telegraph this morning from Buffalo, before continuing our extracts:

DANIEL, THE FUGITIVE, AT LIBERTY.

BUFFALO, August 31.

The fugitive Daniel has been declared free by Judge Conckling, and *has gone to Canada*.

Now, without intending to impeach the character which the *Express* has given to Daniel for "intelligence," "power of analysis," "good sense," and all that, we are curious to know why he did not return to Kentucky, where he was always treated well, where they placed confidence in him, where he was better off than his people were in Buffalo, where he had plenty to eat and to wear, and was not badly worked? Why, we ask, did he not decline the liberty tendered him by Judge Conckling, and return with his master to the Canaanitish land from which he had been seduced, rather than spring with mad impetuosity from the shackles of the United States Marshal, towards the wharves for the first steamer that should bear him to a strange land, which has never enjoyed the blessings of Slavery, and where the kindness of Kentucky slave-drivers is unknown?

Daniel surely was not seduced away by the Canadians; for he has been made wise by his experience. The *Express* says:

"Daniel, as we have remarked, is a shrewd man—a man of intelligence and observation. He has lived long enough in our Northern cities to see that the African here has only the name of being a freeman, nothing else that appertains to that state."

Then why, in making a change, did he go to Canada, where he has not probably a single friend or acquaintance, rather than to Kentucky, where he has an indulgent and confiding master, and where the white people are the only true friends of the negro?

Again, the same gifted journalist says:

"Daniel is a man given to reflection. We conclude that a negro who is capable of writing such a letter as that which he has put on the record, *does think* sometimes."

So do we, but are we to judge of what he thinks by what he does, or by his "marks?"

But like most of the articles in the *Express*, the end of the one we quote from is the best of it:

"No doubt Daniel revolved in his mind all these connections before he put his name to the document he has addressed to the coloured people of Buffalo. We trust the white people of Buffalo, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., etc., will consider it as appealing to them quite as forcible as to the coloured race, free or fugitive, among them. Free negroes should read this letter, keep it by them, and show it to every political demagogue who asks or persuades them to help to get up a mob here to keep fugitives being sent back *from* that certain destitution, degradation, and poverty, which constitutes the penalty of their 'freedom' in the North, to the comparative peace, plenty and content, which they have been coaxed to flee from in the South."

And yet poor infatuated Daniel has gone to Canada. He has turned his back upon his benevolent and confiding master, "by whom he was not badly worked;" upon the friends of his youth and the land of "peace, plenty and content;" nay, he has contumeliously disregarded the benevolent exertions of Mr. Commissioner Smith, and of the man who broke his skull in the effort to convey into the inside of it a realizing sense of the happiness which was in store for him on the other side of the mountains, and has foolishly left the United States for the purpose of groaning under the curse of freedom for the remainder of his days.

Now, how such a step, on the part of Daniel is to be reconciled with the "intelligence," the "observation," the "reflection," the "good sense," and all the other noble attributes of Daniel, of which his letter bears record, is one of those aggravating problems which sometimes arise in the history of nations, and which no journal is more competent to treat to the edification of the public than the *Express*. Will that journal please to perform? We give it up.—*Evening Post.*

### ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

### NINTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

PROCEEDINGS.

ONE of the largest audiences we have ever seen in Ohio assembled under and around the Tent, in a beautiful grove near Mount Union, to celebrate the Ninth Anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society. At the appointed hour, TRUMAN CASE, one of the Vice Presidents, took the Chair. The exercises of the occasion were introduced by a song from the Heightons.

On motion,

Resolved, That the Chair appoint a Committee of ten, to prepare business for the action of the meeting; also,

Resolved, That a Committee of eight be appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year.

C. C. BURLEIGH then spoke, reviewing the history of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and the signs of the times, showing that, although the efforts of the slave power were desperate, and unprecedented in enormity, their very desperation furnished ground for hope. It was one of Mr. Burleigh's most successful efforts—full of the inspiration of truth and feeling.

The President then announced the following Committees:

BUSINESS COMMITTEE.

P. Pillsbury, Sallie Holley, Oliver O. Brown, Benjamin Bown, Mary Whiting, Joseph Heighton, Lydia Irish, C. C. Burleigh, Samuel Myers, James Barnaby and J. F. Smalley.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

Lewis Morgan, John Gordon, Cordelia L. Smalley, Samuel Brook, Horace Case, K. G. Thomas, George Garretson.

Rev. W. H. BRISBANE, of Cincinnati, followed, in a most eloquent and effective address. We are quite sensible of inability to do justice to its merits. We cannot, however, refrain from presenting a meager outline of his course of remarks. He said:

I have been introduced here as a Carolinian. But if patriotism consists in loving the *Government* of one's country, then am I no patriot, for I feel that the government of my native State is more despotic than that which sustains Russian serfdom. But I love the spot where I was born, and therefore I shall not repudiate the name of Carolinian, although I have been wronged by the Government of my State. I stand here an exile from my native land—exiled for opinion.

Some there are, who suppose they are infidels, who are assembled to do the work we propose today. This is called an infidel movement, because it desecrates a day dedicated to the worship of God. As a minister of the Gospel, I declare, I know no better worship than that which elevates man, and thus acknowledges the supremacy of the throne of God. Thus Jesus laboured on this day, and in this work.

What accomplished the American revolution? Suppose you it was the swords of Washington or Lafayette? It is a mistake. Honour to the names who, in an unenlightened age (and this, too, is yet an unenlightened day), would defend human liberty by the sword and the bayonet. But it was not the sword or the bayonet that achieved that revolution. It was the great moral sentiments they uttered; the declaration that all men were created free and equal. With this sentiment they would have triumphed without the drawing of a single sword or the discharge of a single gun at Bunker Hill or Yorktown. Why, after eighteen hundred years, are there so many without the Gospel of Jesus? It is because men have sought to propagate it by carnal weapons.

Men may go into the pulpit and preach from a text, and suppose they make converts, but I have learned from my own experience, that such conversions are for the most part fallacious. Often, indeed, these converts do not acquire the first principles of godliness. Forms, rights and ceremonies are not true religion. They are worthless. Religion, pure and undefiled in the good old book, is defined to be that which visits the widow and the fatherless, and keeps oneself unspotted from the world. Tell me not that a man prays or preaches, and is devotional. Let me know if he feels for the oppressed. Let me know if he goes about like the Lord Jesus Christ, to comfort the mourner, and heal the broken-hearted.

We are here to-day for a holy purpose; to labour as Jesus did to redeem men from oppression; to preach deliverance to the captive. Are you not engaged in a Christian work when you labour to break the bonds of the oppressed and release the slave? Call such *infidels* if you will, they are my brethren, because they labour for the poor oppressed slave, and I am taught by Jesus to do the same. Who now represent Christ upon the earth? Is it the Pope of Rome or his Arch-Bishop in Cincinnati, or the clergy of all denominations in the land. Some representatives are among them, I trust. I look upon the poor outcast, who flies from Slavery to Liberty—unclothed, or clothed in rags, barefooted and hungry—by night guided by the North Star light, he calls at your door, tells the story of his sufferings, and shows his scarred and furrowed back. I then remember Jesus, who was also scourged and beaten, and then I read the Christianity of my Saviour, who, as a servant, was rejected of men, and by his sufferings redeemed such wanderers as you have just driven from your doors. While I am a Christian, I will speak, work and write for the slave. And when I see others making themselves of no reputation, and subjecting themselves to detraction and abuse, for the sake of the suffering, tell me not they are infidels.

Our great work is to break the shackles from three millions of slaves, in our own land, and free the oppressed in all lands. Some fear the work is too great—that we cannot succeed—that we will finally succumb. But while I believe there is a God in heaven, I will also believe we shall succeed. Yes, we shall surely triumph. My hope is not in politicians or statesman, or any mere human agency, but in God, who controls the destinies of men. And that God who set this work in motion, will carry it forward to ultimate triumph. Yes, the day is coming when all men in these United States shall be free. As sure as God lives, the slave's fetters shall be broken. Let those who are here, not merely listen to the speeches that may be made, but let the fire of liberty be enkindled in your hearts, carry them with you to your homes—there let them burn, and their light be diffused, till liberty shall be proclaimed throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof.

Miss Sally Holley, of Oberlin, then addressed the meeting. Her address was listened to, throughout, with the deepest interest, by the vast assembly which crowded the Tent. No words of ours can speak its commendation, as did the thousands of responding countenances of those who eagerly listened to catch, if possible, every word of the great truths she uttered.

Adjourned till half-past one o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Parker Pillsbury, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolution, which was supported by Messrs, Pillsbury, C. C. Burleigh, Dr. Brisbane, J. W. Walker, and Sojourner Truth; after which it was adopted:

Resolved, That the Anti-Slavery enterprise is based on the immutable and eternal principles of justice and righteousness, and, as such, is to be prosecuted and carried out to a full and final triumph, without regard to any consequences, imaginary or real, disastrous or desirable, which may follow, and though thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, in States or Churches, be hurled to the ground, still it is our unalterable purpose and determination, in the spirit and by the power of truth and love, to press on in our moral warfare against Slavery as now existing in this country, until the last slave shall sing his song of deliverance, amid the broken and shivered ruins of this nation's government, and religion, or in the temples and groves of a repentant people who have learned to do justice, love mercy, and joyfully obey the laws of Nature and the dictates of humanity.

An eloquent discussion of this resolution followed, in which Parker Pillsbury, C. C. Burleigh, J. W. Walker, Dr. Brisbane, and Sojourner Truth, participated. We regret that we are unable now to give sketches of this very important and interesting debate. Messrs. Pillsbury, Burleigh, and Walker, acquitted themselves worthy of their reputation and of the cause.

Adjourned to meet at half-past nine o'clock, tomorrow morning.

SECOND DAY.

At half-past nine o'clock, Truman Case took the Chair. A thrilling Anti-Slavery song was sung by the Heightons, followed by a discussion in regard to the principles and objects of the Society, and our duty as individuals in relation to Fugitive Slaves. T. Baker, W. H. Brisbane, T. Case, Sojourner Truth, Jane Trescott, Ann Clark, John Smith and others participated.

M. R. Robinson then read the Annual Report of the Executive Committee, as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT.

Nine years have passed since the organization of our Society, and, although much has been done, our great object is yet unattained. The slave still toils and groans—the mass of our people are, on this subject, the victims of selfishness and prejudice—the national government still mocks at freedom, and the popular church still "loveth and maketh a lie."

At the time of our last Annual Meeting, the President and Congress of the United States were engaged in consummating that law, which has since been the theme of indignant comment by the philanthropic of all lands, a law which punishes with pains and penalties a compliance with the most common dictates of humanity. It is true that, atrocious as is this law, no new principle of humanity is by it outraged in the person of the slave. No new service in kind is required at the hands of Northern slaveholders. Ever since the organization of the government, it has, by contract, taken the responsibility of standing sentry for the slave owners. Always in recognition of that responsibility has she exhibited alacrity in seeking and returning any who might have eluded her vigilance. Personal liberty had long, in fact, been held only by the tenure of complexion or pedigree. By this enactment the whole nation stood up before the world, and transferred to the slave oligarchy, by due forms of law, all rights of conscience, and all protection for personal freedom.

The boldness and effrontery of this enactment alarmed the fears of many who had ever before refused to listen to the warnings of friends or the threats of foes. There was aroused in many parts of the community an appearance of general indignation and a determination to resist its requirements. But notwithstanding this spasmodic effort of the community, previous experience of northern servility had prepared the friends of freedom to expect submission to this most degrading and infamous of any previous legislation. Long continued support of Slavery has so familiarized our countrymen with its enormities, that the generous impulses of their natures, which revolt at its injustice, are paralyzed, and we can hardly hope to see them again effective, unless stimulated by the co-operation of their fears and their interests. These are at present mainly on the side of Slavery, and have been employed most effectually to quiet the agitation which the Fugitive Slave Law had generated. So that now, in the language of the New York *Tribune*, the repeal of the law is not to be expected, as there is no powerful party demanding it. It is law—and is like to remain law—and, though wicked and unjust, *as law* it must be obeyed. This is the language of the nation. God is dethroned, and humanity made secondary to the constitution and congressional enactments.

The struggle of Abolitionists the past year has been vigorous and determined. It has been successful in compelling its enemies to avow their revolting positions. Priests and politicians in their rage have vied with each other in blasphemy against truth and liberty. The exploded dogma of the divine right of tyrants to rule and of slaves to obey, has been dug out from the ignorance and savageism of the past, and installed as the supreme idea of the social and political state. Such madness we would fain hope is but the precursor of speedy destruction for the system they sustain. For to unmask the enemy and compel him to appear in his true character is to achieve a victory. The character of Slavery is too revolting to be sustained—its exposure is its defeat.

The undisguised purpose of the South to subjugate the North for the extension and perpetuation of Slavery, and the revolting measures adopted within the last few months for this purpose has driven many of the Anti-Slavery tendencies to more radical positions, and has vindicated in the eyes of others the justice of our motto,—NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS. The idolatrous veneration with which the union of the States has been heretofore regarded, has been dissipated with thousands, and weakened with all. Men of all parties are beginning to feel that a union purchased at the expense of freedom and justice is purchased at too dear a price. The conscience yet remaining in the various churches is becoming thoroughly aroused. The Anti-Slavery members have become hopeless of the reform of their associates and are resolving upon separation from and non-communion with slaveholders and their abettors, as the only way of escape from guilt and the only method of administering a suitable rebuke for this iniquity. The Christian Anti-Slavery Convention, recently held at Chicago, has spoken clearly and decidedly upon this subject. And the talent and energy of the Convention, will, we hope, secure the agitation of the secession question among all the churches of the West.

The extreme positions and measures of the slave power have driven Anti-Slavery men of all grades into more fraternal relationship. This fact has manifested itself through the Anti-Slavery press, and in the Conventions which have been held in various parts of the country. Particularly at the Convention called by a noble band of Anti-Slavery Women in Cincinnati. The Abolitionists there assembled, gave utterance with the utmost freedom to their various and conflicting views in regard to the means for the overthrow of Slavery. The intercourse of that Convention thoroughly convinced all who participated in it, of the integrity and thoroughness of their mutual purpose to secure deliverance to the slave. And a mutual pledge was thus in effect given, that they would unceasingly labour, together where they could, and separately where from principle they must, for the attainment of their common object. The Committee rejoice at the free and fraternal spirit thus manifested. But are also thoroughly convinced that no fraternity or unity can, of itself, secure success. As our object is *justice*, fidelity to our highest convictions of truth is more essential than union or numbers.

The opportune visit of George Thompson to this country. His triumphant journeyings through New England, New York and Pennsylvania. His eloquence of heart and tongue carrying conviction to all minds, and annihilating prejudice against truth and its advocate—marked the last year as an era in our case. And though we were not permitted to welcome him to Ohio, we feel that his service was one for *us*, for our country, and for the world. A service rendered not merely to the chattel slave, but to universal freedom; and for that service we here delight to record our gratitude.

A fair was held at Salem during the last winter which afforded important financial aid to the Committee. For this result, the Society is indebted to the persevering labours of a few disinterested women, who successfully prosecuted their enterprise in spite of a multitude of embarrassments. A proposition has already been made for another, to be held during the coming winter. We hope that the number engaged in this may be greater than in the previous one, and that the labour may consequently be less burdensome upon the few and more productive to the cause.

*The Anti-Slavery Bugle* has heretofore received no inconsiderable share of the attention of the Committee. They have deemed the continuance of its publication and the high tone of its character indispensable to the success of our cause. Its circulation among paying subscribers has slowly but steadily increased. At the last anniversary its subscribers numbered 1270. Its present number is 1400, giving an increase of 130 for the last eleven months.

| | |
|---|---|
| Expense of publication | $1791 00 |
| Receipts on subscription | 966 11 |
| Excess of expenses | $724 89 |

The increase in the price of the paper which was made previous to the last annual meeting has been cheerfully met by the subscribers, and, without diminishing their number, has materially aided the Committee in meeting the expense of publication. Many of the subscribers manifest a commendable anxiety for its interest by paying their subscription in advance. If all the present subscribers would adopt this course the entire expense of publication would be at once met by the resources of the paper itself, and the Committee would be able to devote the results of pledges and donations to the dissemination of our principles by the living speaker. An arrangement which would enable us to push forward our enterprise as we have hitherto been unable to do. We earnestly commend this measure to all the friends of the cause.

A large amount of arrearages are still due upon the paper, though some of long standing have, during the past year, been liquidated. The expense of publication, it is but right to say, is now reduced to the very lowest point. During the year the Committee have finished paying for the type on which the paper is printed, so that both press and type are now the property of the Society. We take pleasure in saying that Mr. Hudson, the printer, while he works for the lowest prices he can possibly afford, performs the printing with neatness and punctuality, and exercises a care over the property of the Society highly commendable.

In May last, the Committee, with exceeding regret, found themselves compelled to part with the services of Oliver Johnson, who for nearly two years had laboured so earnestly and successfully. To his ability and fidelity as an editor, the cause among us owes much of its past prosperity, and the paper its present standing. The readers of the paper are indebted to Sally B. Gove, James Barnaby, and Benjamin S. Jones for their valuable services in conducting the paper during the interval between the vacation of Mr. Johnson and the assumption of the duties by the present editor. The friends of the Society have manifested their concurrence with the Committee in the importance they give to *The Bugle*, by steadily increasing the subscription list, notwithstanding the editorial changes that have unavoidably occurred. Thus evincing their attachment to the cause. This fact has given great encouragement to all concerned in conducting the paper.

The liberality manifested by the Society, at its last Anniversary, encouraged the Committee to undertake more, in the way of employing Agents, than during the previous year. James W. Walker has, during the greater part of the past year, devoted his valuable services to the Cause, under the direction of the Committee. His labours have been eminently successful, particularly in Michigan, in which he was aided by Joseph Treat, who went to the warfare under the direction of the Committee, but without their incurring any pecuniary responsibility for his support. Old friends were by their labours combined and encouraged, new friends brought to their aid, and the circulation of *The Bugle* considerably extended. The opposition was violent. The enemies of freedom there, as elsewhere, combined against the truth. Prejudice and interest were invoked, but with signal failure. The Society has now in Michigan some of its warmest and most reliable friends. Some of the true-hearted women of the State are labouring, with commendable zeal, for the furtherance of the cause.

The Executive Committee should, without fail, be furnished with the means of rigorously prosecuting this work in Michigan, and extending it to Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. These together with Iowa, which is fast filling up with an intelligent and enterprising population, should receive attention from the friends of Freedom. In all these States are to be found some most radical and faithful friends of the cause, and the principles of freedom that some of them are incorporating into their constitutions and laws show that they have an appreciation of their importance, in advance of those who first settled the older States of the Confederacy, and indicating a soil most favourable for the seed of truth.

Henry C. Wright, the unwearied friend of humanity, spent a portion of the last winter and spring in Indiana, principally devoting himself to Anti-Slavery labours. These efforts resulted as they have elsewhere done, to arouse opposition and discussion by the multitude, and a careful, candid investigation, and consequent practical adoption of the truth by a few, leaving an influence for progress with all. Mr. Wright has just returned to this field, and we shall hope to hear a good report of his labours. Though he receives no aid from our organization, our work is a common one, and our mutual co-operation is most cordial.

Mr. C. S. S. Griffin was appointed an Agent of the Society immediately after the last Anniversary. And during the year has devoted portions of his time to the Society, with much profit to the cause, particularly in the region immediately west of the Cuyahoga.

Mr. John Selby has also laboured a portion of the year in Western Pennsylvania. M. R. Robinson spent two months in lecturing, in several counties in the Reserve, during the autumn and winter.

During the past year, our brethren at the East have been prosecuting the work with vigour in New England and New York—and have been unable to extend that aid to the enterprise in the West they have heretofore so liberally done. Nor ought they to be expected to do it, at least so far as Ohio is concerned. There is among us enough of wealth, of energy, of liberality, of love of freedom, to effect this revolution among ourselves. With this confidence in the Abolitionists, the Committee undertook to sustain the work on the territory already occupied, and resolved if possible to extend it still further. The Abolitionists, we believe are willing to meet this responsibility—to sustain the paper—and extend the influence of lecturers. During the past year the Committee have suffered embarrassment for want of funds, and have been compelled to let their expenditures outrun their means in hand. The redemption of the pledges now due, will however abundantly enable them to meet all responsibilties.

Parker Pillsbury, to whose faithful labours the Society and the cause is already so much indebted, will continue his labours with us for some weeks to come. The American Anti-Slavery Society kindly proffering to sustain him. To his labours in connexion with those of C. C. Burleigh, whose valuable services we have also obtained, J. W. Walker who has consented to act as General and Financial Agent, and others, during the approaching autumn we look for grand results. The time is propitious—the community are inviting discussion, and will listen with interest to that of the most radical character. We look to this meeting for the means of effectually prosecuting this important campaign.

The Committee have been entirely unable to meet the multiplied and urgent demands for aid, from various parts of the country. There are large portions of our own State where, it is thought, our efforts would be especially successful, to which we have been unable to devote any attention. It has been with deep regret, the Committee have found themselves unable to enter upon these promising fields of labour. They have felt it of the utmost importance that our Society, the only one in the West, professedly maintaining the superiority of truth over organizations, and of human liberty over Constitutions, laws, and wicked compacts, should be represented in every community.

Resolved, unanimously, That the Report of the Executive Committee be adopted.

PARKER PILLSBURY, Chairman of the Business Committee, presented the following resolutions which were accepted:

Resolved, That we are not merely warring against the *extension* of Slavery by the acquisition of new slave territory, either through purchase, fraud or conquest, nor against any fugitive slave law, constitutional or unconstitutional; nor for the writ of habeas corpus, or the right of jury trial for recaptured slaves; but we are waging eternal war against the doctrine, that man can ever under any possibility of circumstances, hold property in man. And

Resolved, That any political party which will hold Union with slaveholders at all, or recognise them as having any rights whatever, more than have felons or pirates, is an utter denial of the fundamental doctrines of justice and liberty, and a daring rebellion against the government of the Universe.

Resolved, That the Free Soil party welcomes the slaveholder to the government platform with all his crimes; it recognises his right to enslave millions of its and his own equal brother, it says to him, "*We are bound to you by most sacred ties which we will always respect, and we will ever sustain "the Union, however bounded," and however extended by fraud and falsehood toward the Indians, or the wanton, wilful murder of thousands upon thousands of Mexicans: we will continue true and loyal to that Union, as we have ever been, though Cuba and St. Domingo with all Mexico, swell its bloody triumphs, and all their soil be consecrated to the curse and crimes of Slavery.*"

Resolved, That though we rejoice in the changes of public sentiment which are seen in the partial successes of the Free Soil party, we are still mindful that whoever holds office in the United States Government, is a sworn supporter of the voice and action of the majority in this confederacy of plunderers and enslavers of human beings, whatever that voice or action may be; whether it be to seize and subdue new accessions of territory from Mexico or other nations, or to carve that already plundered into new and numberless slave States; and while that party is shouting over its occasional, though uncertain triumphs, we will still over and above its exultations continue to peal our all conquering motto, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS NOR SLAVERY."

Resolved, That we again renew our most decided testimony against the infamous and cruel designs of the American Colonization Society; a Society based on prejudice and hate against a large portion of the human race on account of their complexion; a society originating among slaveholders, and formed for the avowed object, (among others equally atrocious) of rendering slave property more secure, and at the same time with most unblushing hypocrisy, pretending, especially here at the North, to be labouring to overthrow Slavery, and boasting that with the colonised slaves, who have all their lives been the victims of the most benighted ignorance, *compelled vice*, and unpitied cruelty and hate, from the baptized ruffians and republicans of this country, it is to civilize and christianize the unknown millions of Africa, and claiming to know and to assert through its agents, that God has decreed and determined that Africa shall be elevated and saved in no other way, and a society, that, on the whole, most blasphemously denies the doctrine of the equality and brotherhood of the race, and declares that not even Christianity is able to overcome prejudice and hatred against the African complexion; and we hereby warn the coloured population of the land to beware of it as a roaring lion that goeth about seeking whom of them it may devour, and the friends of the coloured people against being deceived by the specious pretensions of this most illustrious instance of the very prince of devils transforming himself into an angel of light.

Resolved, That the American Government and Union are a conspiracy against the rights of millions of the people, high treason to justice and liberty, and open and daring rebellion against the laws of nature and of God. Therefore

Resolved, That any church or church member, minister or association of ministers, that voluntarily holds political fellowship with that Union, by voting in it, or being voted for, with a view to holding its offices, or that does not everywhere and at all times, solemnly protest against it, as against any other clan or confederacy of pirates and banditti, all such churches, members and ministers, should be held as more dangerous to the present and future well being of man, than all the most blasphemous infidelity, or benighted superstition and degradation of Catholic, Mahometan or Pagan lands.

Resolved, That we regard *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, as at present edited and conducted, as an INDISPENSABLE as well as invaluable auxilary in the prosecution of the Anti-Slavery cause, and, as members and friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, we hold ourselves sacredly bound to its support, and we hereby pledge ourselves in its behalf, whatever becomes of our political presses, our religious journals or any other reading in which we may have indulged.

Resolved, That we have learned with the highest satisfaction that the Anti-Slavery Women propose holding a Fair at Salem, about the close of the present year, in aid of the cause, and we take this occasion to tender to them our heartfelt sympathy and coöperation; ever mindful of the obligations under which they have already laid the enterprise, by former efforts of a similar character, and convinced and assured that in woman's zeal and woman's sympathy, we have a sure and certain prophecy of our final if not speedy triumph.

Lewis Morgan, from the Nominating Committee, recommended the following persons as officers of the Society, for the ensuing year, who were unanimously elected:

*President*, William Steadman, Randolph.

*Vice Presidents*, George Garretson, New Lisbon; Josephine Griffin, Litchfield; John Smith, Mecca; Z. Baker, Akron; Angeline Deming, Salem.

*Corresponding Secretary*, M. R. Robinson, Salem.

*Recording Secretary*, Sarah N. McMillen.

*Treasurer*, Joel McMillen,* Salem.

*Executive Committee*, James Barnaby, Rachel Trescott, Robert Hillis, John Gorden, K. G. Thomas, D. H. Hise, Lewis Morgan, Benjamin Brown, Mary L. Gilbert, Isaac Trescott, Sarah Brown.

On motion, the Chair appointed James Barnaby, Samuel Brooke, and K. G. Thomas, a Committee on Finance.

On motion, Resolved, that the business of Finance be taken up immediately after the organization of the Convention, in the afternoon.

C. C. Burleigh then addressed the Convention, commending the suggestions of the Annual Report, in regard to the extension of Anti-Slavery labour, to the hearty support of every lover of liberty.

Adjourned till one o'clock, P. M.

### AFTERNOON SESSION.

William Steadman, the President, on taking the chair delivered an appropriate address. The business of Finance was called up, and the Treasurer, Isaac Trescott presented the

### TREASURER'S REPORT.

Western Anti-Slavery Society, in account with I. Trescott, Treasurer.

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|---|---|---|
| On hand, balance on last years report, | | $324.25 |
| By J. W. Walker and others, and Fair goods, | | 1128,34 |
| | | $1452,59 |
| Pd. Pub. Agent, | $934,89 | |
| Pd. on Type, | 109,45 | |
| Pd. J. W. Walker, | 289,83 | |
| C. S. S. Griffin, | 16,25 | |
| Pd. for use of house to hold Anniversary in, | 10,00 | |
| Pd. T. E. Vickers. | 1,00 | |
| Over credit to T. E. Vickers, | 1.00 | |
| Treasurers Book, | ,33 | |
| | $1362.75 | |
| | | $1362,75 |
| On hand | | 89,84 |

James Barnaby presented the Report of the Publishing Agent, which was accepted.

On motion, the Chair appointed Lewis Morgan, Joseph Carrol and Lydia Irish, to audit the Reports of the Treasurer and Publishing Agent.

James Barnaby presented an expose of the general financial affairs of the Society followed by Benjamin Bown and others.

During their remarks, the Financial Committee were engaged in the reception of pledges and donations.

The following resolution was then unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Ex. Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society be instructed to hold correspondence with the Ex. Committee of the Parent Society, extending to them a passing invitation to hold the next Anniversary of that Society in Cleveland, or at such other place within our limits as they in their discretion shall deem most practicable.

Joseph Treat then took the stand and earnestly advocated the calling of a Young People's Anti-Slavery Convention, to be held at Salem, or some other place during the coming Autumn.

The Auditing Committee reported that they had examined the Reports of the Treasurer and Publishing Agent, and found them correct.

Anti-Slavery Song.

Meeting adjourned till nine o'clock to-morrow morning.

### TUESDAY MORNING,

Convention assembled, William Steadman in the Chair.

William Lightfoot declined serving as Treasurer.

On motion, his resignation was accepted, and Joel McMillen elected in his stead.

On motion of Parker Pillsbury, all the Resolutions now before the Convention, were read and taken up for discussion. Speeches were made by Samuel Myers, O. O. Brown, J. W. Newport, C. C. Burleigh, and W. H. Brisbane.

Adjourned to one o'clock.

### TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

President in the Chair.

On motion,

Resolved, That this Convention adjourn at half past three o'clock.

The Resolutions were again taken up and read one by one, discussed and adopted.

G. B. Smith, J. W. Newport, Jacob Heaton, C. C. Burleigh. W. H. Brisbane participated.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to Fairmount, Mount Union and its vicinity for their liberal hospitality and for their generous provision for the wants of this meeting.

On motion, adjourned.

William Steadman, *President*.
H. D. Smalley,
C. S. S. Griffin, } *Secretaries*.

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* Joel McMillen was elected subsequently, in place of William Lightfoot, who declined serving.
—*Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

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—Liberated Africans in the West Indies.—An English Parliamentary paper has been printed, showing the number of immigrants and liberated Africans admitted into the West Indian colonies and the Mauritius during the years 1849, 1850, and 1851. In the three years the total to the West Indies numbered 12,515, and to the Mauritius 16,000. Some were landed at Jamaica direct from a captured slaver.

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# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

**** All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

*†‡† Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

*THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER* 18, 1851.

## THE LIBERTY BELL FOR 1852.

As the time approaches when it will become necessary to take measures in reference to the publication of *The Liberty Bell*, we think it best through the medium of *The Standard* and *Liberator*, to bring the subject before the minds of such friends as have hitherto aided or may wish for the first time to aid us, rather than as heretofore, by private correspondence.

We trust that our friends who have hitherto coöperated with us will give their help none the less readily, that *we are prevented by want of leisure from bringing the subject before them in any more direct mode.*

We would say to those friends of the Cause designing, to devote a specified sum toward preparations for the Bazaar, that we do not think their money could be more wisely expended the present year than in aiding the Bazaar's Annual, feeling as we do from year to year an increased assurance that it is in a variety of ways, irrespective of its pecuniary success, a most valuable and efficient instrumentality.

For the necessary funds we must therefore rely upon those friends whose position will enable them on this point to coincide in opinion with ourselves, knowing that we may safely trust to the Anti-Slavery friends throughout the country and in Europe for so extensive and beautiful a collection of articles generally, as shall exceed that of any previous exhibition.

We have received promises of literary assistance from many distinguished friends of Freedom both at home and abroad, and we earnestly beg all such to transmit their articles as early, if possible, as the 1st of October.

All communications and donations may be directed to Miss A. W. Weston, Weymouth, Mass.; or *Anti-Slavery Office*, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

## *ANOTHER SLAVE-HUNT.—THE GAME AT BAY.*

As the battle is not always to the strong, and as the love of liberty is no less powerful in men whose skins are black, than in those of light complexions, it need surprise nobody that in the game of slave-hunting with which the American annals are now weekly illustrated, it should sometimes happen that the hunting party and not the hunted become the mark for bullets, and the law of self-preservation, and not the Fugitive Slave Law, be obeyed and triumph. The week before last we had to record how Davis, whom judicial authority has since declared a freeman, was dragged, bleeding and burned before a Commissioner, to be tried for his liberty; this was in obedience to the Compromises. Last week we told how Bolding, a quiet and good citizen, was seized, while at work, and without time given him for a farewell word to his wife, was hurried to this city, hence to be sent as a convicted slave to the far South, from which condition there is now little hope that he will ever be released. This cursed deed also is pronounced a constitutional measure, and a new rivet in the bonds of our National Union. This week, the fruits of the Compromise are of another sort, and a more bitter to the lovers of the Union, though none the less legitimate; a slain slave-hunter proves as much the value of the Union in one way as the blistered burns and fractured skull of a negro does in another.

On Thursday last one Edward Gorsuch, of Maryland, his son named Dickinson, the Sheriff of Lancaster Co. Pa., with other officials, some from Philadelphia, undertook the arrest of two persons, said to be the slaves of this Gorsuch. The men were residing in Lancaster Co., and were, we conclude from the result, what they were alleged to be—fugitive slaves. Slaves, however, they were determined never to be again, and they stood upon their defence.—Their friends rallied to their aid, and the end was, whatever may have been the preliminary steps, that the fugitives were not taken, but that the slaveholder, Gorsuch, was shot dead, and his son and nephew wounded, the son, it is supposed, mortally. This intelligence reached Philadelphia on Thursday; the particulars were next day published in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, as it was wished they should be, and as we know they were not. But this version we copy that our readers may compare it with the true statement, and that they may see the story which is given out as the true one. The *Bulletin* of Friday says:

> In addition to what is already known of this affair which occurred yesterday, we learn that the scene of the murderous riot was in the vicinity of Christiana, in Lancaster County, near the borders of Chester. The persons killed were Mr. Edward Gorsuch, an old gentleman who resided about nineteen miles from Baltimore, Maryland, and his son, Dickinson, a young man. The father was shot dead by one of the fugitive slaves, of whom he was the owner. The son was mortally wounded in the bloody affray, and survived but a short time. The slave who shot his master, was himself wounded in the left arm. He is described in a despatch to Police Marshal Keyser this morning, as a tall, slim mulatto fellow, with full round face, and good looking.
>
> A despatch to one of the telegraphic reporters this forenoon, says that the Sheriff of Lancaster County was wounded; also another young man. The Philadelphia officer shot at so often without being hit, was named Henry Kline, who writes to Recorder Lee that the number of negroes who made the attack, was from fifty to one hundred. Although in the midst of the fight, he escaped being injured.
>
> The rioters who perpetrated this foul murder scattered in every direction. The two fugitive slaves, it is reported, have not been heard of since the occurrence. It is believed they will make for Canada by some of the northern or western routes. The police of Philadelphia are closely watching the arrival and departure of every line.
>
> P. S.—Since the above was written, we learn by Mr. J. H. Hann, conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad, who arrived by the one o'clock line this afternoon, that the affray happened about 2 1-2 miles from Christiana, in Sadsbury township, Lancaster county, at a place called Gap Hills, where there is a settlement of free negroes and runaway slaves.
>
> When Mr. Gorsuch and the party with him came up, he informed Pinkney (this was the name of the fugitive slave), that he had been after him several times before without getting him. That he was determined to have him this time, and had come to take him or die in the attempt.
>
> The slave then immediately fired on him, when he fell and expired, having, it is said, seven balls in him.
>
> When his son saw the father fall, he drew his revolver and fired on the slave. The latter had started to escape, and was running. Three balls hit him, penetrating the hip, and passing out in front.
>
> At this moment a large party of negroes, concealed in the corn-fields, rushed out at him, giving him no chance to discharge any more barrels. They shot him in the side, a whole load entering. Then rushing on him with muskets and clubs, they battered his arm to a jelly, breaking it in several places.
>
> They also shockingly beat him on the head. He was yet alive when the train passed to-day, but not expected to survive long.
>
> The corpse of the elder Mr. Gorsuch was taken up to Columbia last night, in the cars, by Mr. Hann, for the purpose of being conveyed to Baltimore, via York, Pa.
>
> The friends and officers who accompanied Mr. Gorsuch and his son, were completely overwhelmed. Two of the number are missing, and supposed to be murdered.
>
> The white people of the neighbourhood of the scene refused to assist the officers, and could afford no facilities for the pursuit of the murderers, who escaped. They refused even to furnish a wagon and horses. No arrests were made.
>
> The assailing party was headed by an old negro preacher. When he saw the fallen bodies of Mr. Gorsuch and son, he rushed forward with his arms extended saying, "forbear, men, forbear. You'll all be hung! They are dead!"
>
> There is no great excitement in the vicinity of the scene of the murder. No one has taken any interest in the horrid occurrence.
>
> There is some sympathy for the dead, but the citizens seemed afraid to express it. They have apprehensions for the safety of their lives and property at the hands of the black rioters and white abettors.
>
> We must add that Mr. Gorsuch the elder, was not only brutally murdered, but robbed by the blacks, after he was dead, of $400 in money.

The following letter to the *Tribune*, under the initials of the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, and written, we presume, by him, is, without doubt, a perfectly true, as it is a clear, statement of the whole transaction. He says:

> Dear Sir: I write in great haste, eager to correct as I have the means of doing in a measure, the accounts just published in our morning papers, of the bloody battle which took place yesterday morning at Christiana, in this State, about 20 miles this side of Lancaster. From an individual just from that place, we learn that a slaveholder with his son and nephew, from Maryland, accompanied by the U. S. officers of this city and Baltimore, went to Christiana after two fugitive slaves. The blacks having received notice of their coming, gathered, a considerable number of them, in the house which the slave-catching party were expected to visit. The door was fastened, and the blacks retired to the upper part of the house. When the slaveholder and his company approached, they were warned off. A parley took place, the slaveholder declaring, as it is said, and believed, "I will go to h— or have my slaves." The door was broken in, a horn was sounded out of one of the upper windows; after an interval, a company of blacks, armed, gathered on the spot, and the negroes in the house made a rush down stairs and crowded the whites out. Here the parley was resumed, the spokesman of the blacks telling the white men to go away; they were determined, he said, to die rather than go into Slavery, or allow any one of their number. He declared moreover that the blacks would not fire, but if the whites fired they were dead men. Shortly, first the nephew, then the slave-owner and his son fired revolvers, wounding a number of the blacks, but not seriously,—one man had his ear perforated by a ball. The clothes of others were pierced and torn, but, as the blacks said afterward, "the Lord shook the balls out of their clothes." The fire of the whites was returned. The slaveowner fell dead, and his son very dangerously wounded. The whites then returned. One of the U. S. officers summoned the posse, but in vain. Some of the neighbours, Quakers, and Anti-Slavery men, went and took up the wounded man and carried him to one of their homes, where, while they told him in Quaker phrase, that "they had no unity with him in his acts," and abhorred the wicked business in which he had been engaged, every attention was paid him, and medical aid instantly sent for. The effect of this treatment upon the young man, as our informant told us, may easily be imagined. He wept and vowed, if he lived, to correct the impression people had at his home about the Abolitionists. The Doctor pronounced his wounds fatal.
>
> People soon gathered in large numbers at this scene of blood. The excitement was immense. Opinions and feelings conflicted, of course, but there was a strong feeling in behalf of the blacks. While the crowd were talking, and during the ferment, two blacks (brick-makers) passed. One of the crowd exclaimed, "There go two fellows who ought to be shot!" The black man paused and faced the crowd, and said calmly something to this effect: "Here we are, shoot us if you choose; we are a suffering people anyhow. God made us black; we can't help that; shoot us if you will." The revulsion was instantaneous and strong, and any man who had muttered a word against the blacks would have been knocked down on the spot.
>
> It is not true that the blacks had been counseled to resist. They had been repeatedly advised not to fight, but to flee to Canada.
>
> Our informant, an aged and eminent member of the Society of Friends does not profess to give the testimony of an eye-witness. He had seen the dead body of the slaveholder. He knew the people who took charge of the wounded man. He knew that the blacks had been counseled against resistance. The friends of the slave and the fugitive in this neighbourhood are Quakers. Further than this the above account is the account of a resident in that vicinity, who gives us what is the most probable truth of the case, according to the statements of those in the neighbourhood best acquainted with the circumstances In a few days it is to be hoped that the truth will be ascertained with more certainty. Although by some questioned at first who fired first, the settled belief at the place is that the whites fired first, as stated above.
>
> Yours, for truth's sake; W. H. F.
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> In addition to the facts contained in the above statement, we learn from another correspondent, that the warrant in the case was issued by Commissioner Ingraham of Philadelphia, and that the person deputed to execute it was John Egan, commonly known as *Hoss* Egan formerly a notorious member of the gang of *Killers*, and now equally notorious as a slave-catcher under the new law.
>
> There were twenty-five in the coloured party, and fifteen whites. Several of the whites were wounded, one, a Baltimore officer, severely, by balls through both of his shoulders. There were eighteen shots fired by the slaveholders.

On Saturday, the U. S. Marshal, Mr. Roberts, accompanied by Mr. Commissioner Ingraham, John W. Ashmead, U. S. District Attorney, and Recorder Lee, left Philadelphia for Christiana, to assert the majesty of the outraged law. To render this certain, the Marshal took with him a company of about fifty marines, and a civil posse of as many more men. With this efficient force, the Marshal took military possession of the county, he invested sundry houses, surrounded villages, invaded peaceable woods, and succeeded in arresting a number of negro men and women, and seizing several powder-horns, fowling-pieces, cat-sticks, carving-knives, and other dangerous and warlike weapons. There was, however, no more fighting, probably because the only two persons who, for themselves, or in whose behalf others, were disposed to commence a civil war, so far as to shoot a slave-hunter, were already quite out of reach of harm.

A Court of Justice, however, was at once instituted, and a preliminary examination entered into touching the commitment for treason of several of the prisoners. The evidence in this examination, as given by a correspondent of the *Tribune*, is as follows:

*Miller Knott*, affirmed—Resides close to where the transaction occurred, in Sadsbury Township; was not present when it occurred; I mean the resistance of the law and the murder of Gorsuch; there was no one with deceased when I saw him first; there were many coloured people there; between 75 and 100; knew Isaiah Clarkson for one, Ezekiel Thompson, a boy named Samuel Booth; saw some white people there; knew Elijah Lewis and Joseph Scarlet; can't think of any others; Clarkson was not armed; the others had clubs; the man shot was on his horse in the lane when I saw him; had no conversation with Scarlet, except when I assisted to carry deceased to Mr. Pownall's house; the crowd had not altogether dispersed; Scarlet expressed no opinion when he carried deceased; no report about arresting the blacks; saw no officer that I know of; the one we took in was the son of deceased; the old gentleman, dead, was lying in the lane; the firing took place after the sun was up some time; a good many guns or pistols were fired; saw a man riding off armed, on horse-back; the firing was principally from black men; there was hallooing before the firing; did not hear a horn blown; Scarlet lives about 1 1-2 miles from the place; he was riding out of the lane, and had been there before me; after a while I saw him ride in again; the main body of the firing was over; he must have passed within ten yards of where the man was wounded; there was no conversation between us that I recollect; I knew that William Parker lived there, and that Pinckney did also; Clarkson was there; had no conversation with anybody that did approve of the firing.

*John Knott*, affirmed.—I live with my father; am going fourteen years; remember the killing of Gorsuch; it was a little after the sun was up when the firing commenced; I went over and looked at it from the fence when the battle was; just above the house there were a good many people; many blacks; about seventy-five or ninety black people; many of them were armed; saw no white people that I know; I knew some of the black people; Zekiel Thomas was one; Samuel Smith another, and one Jackson; that's all I know; they were firing while I stood at the fence and looked over; was told by Tamsy Brown that a coloured man took money from the old man killed; the money was brought in, and divided among the women, Abraham Johnson keeping a portion of it himself.

*Geo. Washington Harvey Scott*, sworn.—Live with John Kerr; was present when the man was killed, but had no hand in it; was there over night, and staid out doors, in the road; there was no one with me; was persuaded to go over by John Morgan and Henry Simms, coloured men; did not tell me what they wanted me to go over for; saw them both there, out by the door of the house; they had arms; there was a good many colored people there; did not see any but Morgan and Simms, that I knew; saw them shoot, and saw the old gentleman shot; he fell in the lane; he was shot by Henry Simms; did not see the nephew shot, neither did I see the son fall, for there was such a crowd; have seen Scarlet, but don't know him; he was not there; saw no white man except Cassner Hanway, the miller; John Morgan cut the old gentleman in the head with a corn cutter, after he (Mr. Gorsuch) had fallen; this was after sunrise; went away as soon as the old man was killed; I left the other coloured people there; they had pistols, muskets, and other guns; they wanted me to help, but I would have nothing to do with it; that is, in taking their part in the fight which was to kill the slaveholders; did not understand who they were coming there to take; the mob was to resist all slaveholders; the firing came from the house, down stairs; heard a horn blow; the fight was beginning then; it was blown from the house; the horn continued to blow right on; the firing at first came in a body, and continued on then more and more; it then became scattering; after the horn was blown, they began to assemble pretty quick.

*Henry Cloud*, sworn.—Don't know anything about Morgan having been there; the day before the murder I told him some people were up for slaves, and asked him if he was going out; he said he was going out that night; and my understanding was that he intended to resist the process in taking the slaves; don't know that he was out that night.

*Henry H. Kline*, sworn.—I thought I saw Scarlet coming from the scene of the murder upon a horse; he was in a hurry, but was not at the place at the time of the firing; I said, you are the man who gave the warning; asked him to stop, telling him that a man was dead up the road, and asked him where the nearest doctor was; he gave us no answer; told him the negroes had killed him, but he made me no answer, and drove on; he was then dressed differently from what he now is; we started for Parker's house on Wednesday morning, and got there a little after day-light; Mr. Gorsuch, son, nephew, and three others, whose names I don't know; some fifty yards from the house we met one of the blacks who had come out of the house down the lane, towards us; as soon as he was espied, he returned and ran to the house, and I after him; the old gentleman and one of his sons took the field, to head him off; the black got into the house and up stairs before I got up; as soon as they got up stairs, they seemed to load their guns, four, five or six of them; I hallooed, and told them my business, and requested the man of the house to let the men come down; he said he would not; three or four made replies, when the old gentleman called the one (Nelson) by name, and said, "Come down, Nelson, I know your voice, I know you;" he said, "If you come down, go home with me without any trouble, I will look over the past." One of the negroes replied, "that if you take one of us, you must take us over our dead bodies;" the old gentleman called upon me to go up stairs, and take them; I told him to go outside, and I would go up stairs; when I attempted to go up, one of the party struck at me with something that had a prong; I then went out, when they fired upon the old gentleman and myself; I then fired, when an axe was thrown; I told them what the consequence would be in resisting the law; Parker replied that he was a Pennsylvanian, and did not care for the law; he then asked for time to reflect, and I gave him ten or fifteen minutes; if he would let me go up stairs and see if the men were there, I would take them; the warrants were then read; he said there were two men there, but refused their names; I was told to go ahead, and take them; advised coolness, and I gave Parker five minutes more to consider; they then consulted up stairs, and asked me to send for a neighbour; this was objected to by the old gentleman and his son; old Mr. Gorsuch asked me to call upon Hannang, with an Indian negro to assist; I did so, because I saw there was going to be a desperate fight, as they were loading their guns in the meantime; Hannang said nothing, and I asked him if he lived in the neighbourhood; he replied that it was none of my business; I asked his name, and he said I would have to find it out; he said he did not care for any act of Congress, or anything else; Elijah Lewis then came up, but previously I had shown him my warrant; the blacks stood off with their guns loaded and primed; I called upon him for assistance, and handed him the papers, which he returned, saying the negroes had a right to defend themselves; Hannang said the same thing; I then looked down the road, and saw about thirty negroes coming up with guns, clubs and something else; said I would withdraw my men if he would not let the negroes fire, and would let them go; he said he had nothing to do with them; I told him (Hannang) that I would hold both Lewis and him responsible; I begged hard, and told the men under to leave for God's sake, as another party of negroes were coming; the blacks then howled and rushed upon us; we all fired pretty much the same time, when the old gentleman fell; about 60 or 70 negroes were present together.

*Henry Murr*, sworn—I live at Cooperville; knows Scarlet for about several years; live at the same place, and am a blacksmith; have spoken a few words to him since this occurrence, at the spring near Parker's house; Scarlet did not say anything to me about it; I told Criley I saw Scarlet riding by the shop door; I said so to nobody; have seen Scarlet since it occurred; Scarlet, I told, it was going to be hard times, as regards the killing transaction; I didn't recollect when; yesterday he stopped at my shop; don't mind what I said much; he said he thought it would: did not say to him, nor did he say the negroes were right; expressed no opinion; I said it was not right; don't recollect what he said; he did not tell me had been to Parker's, neither did he say he had been to the place; we have a heap of talk, as he is often in the shop; can't say what hour that morning it was before 7 o'clock that he was riding toward me; saw two coloured men riding Hood's horses; one had a gun; they rode down the road toward Parker's house; the sun was up; have not seen them since, and don't think I would know them; can't recollect how soon after I saw three colored men ride by after I saw Scarlet, neither do I remember which was the first I saw.

Question, by J. W. Ashmead—Can you tell the Commissioner whether five minutes or an hour elapsed between when you saw the colored man go by and Scarlet returning; and how long do you think it was?

Answer—It may have been fifteen minutes, or a little later.

*Henry Kline*, recalled—I saw Wm. Brown there, and he was one of the ringleaders at Parker's; he was there, and one of the most active; he had a gun, and was near the lane; he was one of the 15 or 16 who raised up their guns near the post.

*Miller Thompson*, coloured, sworn—Lives with Isaac Moore; father's name is Ezekiel Thompson; knew Parker's house, where the fuss was; have been often in it; is about one mile from where we live; Wm. Parker and Pinckney lived in it; was not there on Thursday, but was at work at Moore's; heard about it from Levi Hineman, the carpenter, who was at work at Pownall's; I came with Parker, who had been threshing a night or two before, and he allowed he had a notion to go to some place that I forgot; saw Jake Wood, and Pete Wood, and old John Williams, and Henry Curtis; saw them coming from the place after it had taken place, 10 or 11 o'clock; I asked them what was going on, and they told me; they had clubs in their hands; said they had a fight over there, and that a man was killed; they allowed the man's son got shot or wounded; allowed Pinckney struck his master over the head with a fence rail; they have all gone off.

*George Washington Harvey Scott* recalled and confronted with Wm. Brown, a mulatto—I saw Brown at Parker's on the morning of the murder; he was outside when I saw him; on last Thursday morning; it was after the horn was blown from the house of Parker; he was among the colored people then; he was armed with a gun; when I came away I left them all there, and Brown among the rest; did not see him fire a gun.

Cross-examined by Brown—Did you see me there, George.

Answer—I saw you there, in the yard, pretty soon in the morning.

Examination resumed direct—Did not see Brown run up the road after the nephew was wounded, with the other coloured people.

*Henry K. Kline*, recalled—Ezekiel Thomas was one of the first men on the ground on the morning of the murder; he is the man I designated yesterday as the Indian; he came with Hanaway ahead; he went away; was gone a couple of minutes, and returned with a revolver and a corn-cutter in his hand; he came to me; I said, you son of a b—, if you come to me, I'll blow your brains out; he then stepped back a little, and I took my revolver and held it up toward him; his revolver was in his right hand and the corn-cutter in his left; he stood there while I was arguing with Hanaway and Lewis, asking them to assist in reading my papers —I mean warrants to apprehend Mr. Gorsuch's negroes. Hanaway and Lewis read my warrants, when they asked me to show my authority; Hanaway went to twenty or thirty blacks, who stood with their guns pointed towards me; he talked to them in a low voice; after he spoke to them he moved his horse, and they gave one shout and moved a little further—he with them—and then they fired; another party, some fifteen or twenty, came up and presented their guns and fired; they were about thirty yards off; I am positive this is the man; I told him I knew him; the prisoner admitted that the witness has not told him so; Daniel Caulsherry was there, and with the first party; he came from toward Mr. Rogers's by the creek; he had a gun and a shot-bag or flask over his shoulder; the party in the house shot at me and the old gentleman Gorsuch; they had not been three minutes in the house before they fired; this is the man I mentioned before, with the military whiskers, I have no doubt about him; he was then dressed differently.

*Isaac Moore* affirmed—I live at Cooper's Factory, about three-quarters of a mile from Parker's house; was within hearing, but the threshing machine prevented me; did not know a half of it until I heard three men were killed; heard about 9 o'clock by a woman who came for peaches; was never near the place before that morning.

*Samuel Hanson*, sworn—I passed Parker's house on the morning of the fight, which was just over; a good many of them were passing away; as I was coming down the lane I heard the firing of guns; saw coloured people there; a good many had arms, guns, &c., but I did not know many; saw Parker; I think I saw Mr Scarlet there; don't know that I saw Brown; saw Ezekiel Thompson there; did not see Caulsherry; think I saw Peter Wood; saw Kate Wood there and Henry Curtis and John Williams; saw Hanaway up the lane on a horse; don't remember any more after I started; these persons came up to me and talked to me; they talked about the fight; they said the kidnappers ought not to come there; heard one was killed; can't mind what they said.

Here the testimony closed, at about 9 o'clock, on Saturday evening, which resulted in the committal of the following named prisoners, to answer the charge of treason against the United States, by levying war against the same, in resisting by force of arms the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, and also for obstructing the Marshal in the execution of the process of the United States: Joseph Scarlet, white, and Wm Brown, coloured.

It will be seen by the above evidence, that several persons are seriously implicated, some of whom are now confined in the Lancaster jail, having been arrested on Friday evening. Murr was held in $500 to be and appear before the United States Circuit Court, on the first Monday in October next, to testify.

George Washington Harvey Scott, and Miller Thompson, a coloured boy, were committed as witnesses.

The females were all discharged, and the balance of the coloured men detained in custody. Kendig, the white man was also released.

So stands the case at present. How far an offended Government may be able to satisfy its own violated majesty, and assuage the wrath of the power behind the throne, for the death of a sovereign slaveholder, remains to be seen.

Since the above was in the printers' hands, we have received a letter from an esteemed correspondent at Lancaster, Pa., which gives some new particulars and details, which will be read with interest. It is as follows:

Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 15th, 1851.

Mr. Gay: Rumor has doubtless, ere this, reached you of the recent Slave Case which occurred in the lower part of this county. I hasten to give you an account of the matter in all its essential and important features.

On the morning of Thursday, the 11th inst., about 4 o'clock, a slaveholder from Maryland, named Gorsuch, together with his son and several understrappers, made their appearance before the tenant-house of Mr. Pownall, a Quaker, residing in this county, on the borders of Chester, and which was occupied by a coloured man supposed to have harboured a slave of the aforesaid Marylander, whom they intended to capture. As a coloured man, a guest of the tenant, issued from the door of the dwelling, this chivalrous party made an attack upon him, when he retreated into the house, into which they followed him. The man, however, proved not to be the slave of whom the party were in pursuit; and in the course of a colloquy which followed, he advised the slaveholder to leave the premises, assuring him that it would be impossible for him to capture any slave and carry him out of the neighbourhood The Marylander declared that he would not be baffled in his purpose of recovering his "property," adding that he would not leave the place alive without accomplishing his purpose. "Then," replied the man, "you will *not* leave the place alive." At this juncture, the son entreated his father not to suffer such insolence from "a nigger," when the latter immediately fired upon the man, with a revolver, three or four times, one bullet passing through his hair, and another grazing his body. The man, who is possessed of great personal courage, stood all the while in the doorway without flinching. This slaveholder, prepared to adopt means so singularly persuasive toward that portion of his fellow men whom he claimed as his individual property, and who had so thoughtlessly absented themselves from his patriarchal care, was a pious and exemplary exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church

Almost immediately an onset commenced from an entirely different quarter. A number of coloured men, who were aware of the intended attack, and had assembled in the vicinity, fired upon the party in pursuit, killing the slaveholder on the spot, and wounding the son in such a manner that it is scarcely possible he can recover. The latter has been, ever since, lying at the house of Mr. Pownall.

The county, for miles around, is in a state of the highest excitement. The notorious Ingraham, the Philadelphia Commissioner, is on the ground, together with the United States Marshal, Roberts, and a company of marines from the Navy Yard. They have taken up their head quarters at Christiana, a village on the State Railroad, about twenty miles below this city.

Gangs of armed riflemen from Maryland, assisted by the lowest ruffians this region can furnish, are prowling round the county, over a district of ten or twelve miles square, arresting indiscriminately all coloured persons whom they meet, gallantly including the women. A coloured woman, who had been employed by Mr. Pownall to wash the clothing of the two Marylanders, was seized at the wash-tub, and dragged away by her brave captors, who were repeatedly assured that she had been expressly employed for the above-mentioned purpose. All this is done *ostensibly* upon suspicion that the persons arrested were engaged in the affray which ended in the death of the slaveholder. Not less than fifty persons, in all, have been arrested; among them two white men, who were seized on no other ground than that of a refusal to assist the government officers in the capture of their neighbours. The conduct of these patriotic officials is doubtless founded upon that clause of the Fugitive Slave Law in which "all good citizens" are called upon to assist in the noble enterprise of our general government, viz., the catching of runaway slaves in general.

Two coloured men, employed by our friend Lindley Coates, in whose neighbourhood the affair occurred, were seized, on Saturday, and taken to Christiana. He followed them to those head-quarters of "law and order," or rather to within half a mile of the village, but was there dissuaded, by his friends, from going farther, by the earnest representation that his life would be in imminent danger. Cyrus Burleigh, while passing by, was seized and treated very rudely, but was protected from personal injury by the intercession of the Marshal, with whom, I believe he is personally acquainted.

Such is the insolence of these scoundrels from Maryland, backed by the officers of the government, that people passing along the public highway in their carriages have been rudely stopped and detained without any pretext whatever; and it is considered unsafe for any one not of their own kit and kin to approach their rendezvous. I have all these facts from perfectly reliable authority. It is highly to the credit of the neighbourhood that not a man could be found to obey the orders of the government officers in any of these infamous proceedings.

A prospectus is in circulation for the establishment of a new Whig newspaper, to be published in this city, but designed for the State in general, and which will be the organ of that portion of the Pennsylvania Whigs of whom Mr. Thaddeus Stevens is the representative. There is little doubt that the effort will meet with success, and that the journal will be speedily established and ably conducted.

H. W. G

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# Domestic Correspondence.

### FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

### NO. LXXXVII.

The Argument.—*The Correspondent inquireth of the Weather, and abuseth it—A Brummagem Summer—Autumnal Compensations—Uses of Weather in the Economy of Talk—The Coolest thing, yet—Rev. John Scoble at 21 Cornhill—The Correspondent speculateth as to his genealogy—A rare specimen of Brass—Free Trade triumphant over Domestic Manufacture—What Mr. Scoble has done—As Editor and Nurse—Ten years since—Messrs. Phelps and Colver's Missionary efforts in behalf of Great Britain—Mr. Garrison's opinions on Matrimony disseminated—And how—Mr. Scoble's expressive silence about Mr. Thompson—England made too hot to hold him—He goeth into Exile—And with whom—Final specimens of Coolness—The Correspondent theorizeth as to the cause of the late Cold Weather, &c., &c., &c.*

Boston, Sept, 15. 1851.

Have you had any summer in your parts? *We* have almost lost the recollection of there ever having been such a thing. In fact, what tried to palm itself off upon us as the season which Mr. Thompson (not *George*, but the late Mr. James) once wrote a poem about, was an entire failure. A mere Brummagem imitation of the genuine article. It was at best only an abortive Autumn. The leaves began to change and to fall in June and we had scarcely two consecutive warm days during the whole of it. We have long since abandoned all pretensions to Spring, the "merry Month of May" and all that sort of thing; but such satisfactions as a good roasting summer could afford we had accounted ourselves sure of. To be sure, since Autumn has fairly come we have had a week of Equatorial days, which might put the Dog Star to the blush. Hot, melting, sweltering, suffocating days such as would do honour to any latitude. But they seem to have passed away now and our summer to have set in again with fresh severity. However, it gives us something to talk about; for which purpose, doubtless, among other beneficent ones, variety of weather was ordained. Though one might almost wonder with the French ambassador Horace Walpole tells of, *apropos* to the continual complaint of the English against their climate, "that we have never got used to it!"

Talking of cool matters, I must tell you of the very *coolest thing* that has occurred in these regions during all this hard summer. Who, think you, walked one day into the Anti-Slavery Office in Boston, not long since, the very picture of devout self-complacency? Looking for all the world as if he had never fetched and carried a lie in his life! No less a person, let me tell you, than the Rev. John Scoble, Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society! I really think (begging pardon all the while of the Irish Nation,) that this Reverend man must derive his descent in part from the Emerald Isle. For, surely, no merely British assurance could have stood him in stead in such an emergency. A dash of Milesian impudence must have entered into the composition of his brass before he could have been willing to subject it to such a test as this. It stood the test, however, to admiration, and if exhibited at the next Exposition of the Industry of all Nations in the Chrystal Palace, will be good for a Great Medal. At any rate, we can send nothing from this country that can contest the palm with it for a moment. We *have* thought no small beer of our American New Organization Impudence, in times past, and have regarded it as a creditable specimen of our Domestic Manufactures; but, to the immortal credit of Free Trade be it said, it cannot hold a candle to the imported article. For though they would lie about us to any extent, and do all that a "forty parson power" of malice could to destroy our characters and influence, they never *did* come into our Office and offer to shake hands with us.

You remember all about this man. How he has from the moment that the apostates on this side the water tried to stab the Anti-Slavery Movement under the fifth rib, when it had grown strong enough to make the American Church, whose god is Slavery, shake her finger at them for doing of it, how he has comforted and abetted them. Their false glosses, and the lying issues that they raised to cover their retreat back to the pro-slavery Churches, such as our having made the Anti-Slavery Movement the instrument of propagating extraneous heresies, &c., to which its whole history from year to year and from day to day, has given the lie, he has endorsed and scattered over the world, in the pages of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery, Reporter, while its columns have been shut to contradiction and reply. As the editor of that periodical and as the head nurse of the Second Childhood of British Anti-Slavery, bed-ridden and paralytic in New Broad Street, his study has been, if it may be inferred from its results, to keep the British Anti-Slavery Public (a very small part of which, by the way, is rocked in the cradle in Broad St.) ignorant of the true State of the Anti-Slavery Cause in this Country, and to mislead them, to the utmost of his abilities, as to the characters and objects of its most active supporters. At the London Convention of 1840, when Mr. Collins was in England in 1841, at the time of Mr. Garrison's second visit in 1846, in public and in private, he has been the bitter, unscrupulous, unprincipled enemy of the American Anti-Slavery Society and all its prominent members and friends. He has ever been the swift and willing tool of American and of British bigotry, when enraged by the peril of its craft to rush upon and destroy those that endangered its idols.

For example, about ten years ago, the American A. S. Society having sent an agent to England, *certain* saints on this side the water moved with fear lest the very elect on the other might be deceived by him, sent letters missive to put them on their guard. Their letters contained statements as to the opinions of Mr. Garrison, in particular, but with a fair intimation that they tinged the Abolitionists of his type generally. These truthful professors (ministers, rather, for if I mistake not they were the Rev. Messrs. Phelps and Colver) discovered that Mr. Garrison was believed to entertain the opinions held by the Quakers, the Methodists, I believe, the Unitarians, and those Orthodox Congregationalists represented by the Oberlin School of divinity, as to the possibility of living a sinless life in this world, and that he was, accordingly, usually styled a Perfectionist. Now, there chanced to be in some parts of the country a sect calling themselves Perfectionists, which held doctrines as to marriage and the relations of the sexes, of a highly immoral and grossly licentious character. They copied some of the coarsest passages of some of the worst publications of these sectaries and sent them to England as specimens of the opinions held by Mr. Garrison and his friends! These lies, and others, were printed and *privately* circulated, under the seal of the Com. of the B. and F. Society, of which Mr. Scoble is the man of all work! And so privately was it done, that it was only by accident and through mistake, that Mr. Collins (the agent) procured a copy and was enabled to contradict and refute them, as he most triumphantly did.

As to the sytematic concealment of the contemporary history of the A. S. Movement in this country, the only country in which it has a history, by Mr. Scoble, I cannot illustrate it better than by saying that during the whole of Mr. Thompson's visit to this country, the British public learned not a word of his labours and of the great work he was doing, through the publication which professes to be Organ of the Anti-Slavery Cause in Great Britain. Knowing as Mr. Scoble did, by every arrival, things which the true Abolitionists of England were hungering and thirsting to hear, he kept them most religiously to himself. A stronger proof of the *animus* that moves him could not be given. Indeed, I believe it was the indignation which the statement of this fact by Mr. T. at his public meetings, and in the scorching and excoriating articles of the *Morning Advertiser*, that drove Mr. Scoble into a temporary exile. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Grant had made that little island too hot to hold him, so he came away for his health in the fitting company of Mr. Josiah Henson, the coloured man whose confidence in Samuel A. Eliot is not shaken by the trifling circumstance of his voting for the Fugitive Slave Law! And on his way to Canada he called at our Anti-Slavery office to see Mr. Garrison! Of course, it was open to him, or to Mr Eliot, or to Commissioner Curtis, or Hope H. Slaughter; but was not it a cool proceeding on his part, in view of all the past? And, indeed, (for, you know, Icebergs affect the climate within a long range), who knows but the cold weather I began this letter with complaining about, may have been occasioned by the approach of this refrigerating phenomenon —n. y.

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# Foreign Correspondence.

### FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

Dublin, August 11, 1851.

My dear Gay: I cannot tell you how much pleased I was by a letter of Joseph Barker to W. L. Garrison that appeared in a recent *Liberator*. Much as I knew of the writer's courageous plain speaking in England, where he published, in his little paper, "*The People*," articles in opposition to monarchy and aristocracy, and in laudation of republicanism in general, and of the republicanism of the United States in particular;

articles in opposition to the political pretensions and tyranny of the Established Church, and asserting to the utmost the rights of private judgment in matters of religious opinion; articles which continually endangered his liberty within the last few years, and would have ensured his transportation 30 years ago; knowing all this, having a high opinion of his talents as a clear and vigorous writer and an able lecturer, and greater confidence in his integrity and honesty of intention, I still feared (this is a very long sentence—I hope you may wait to see it out) that on his arrival in America, in his zeal for republicanism, he might forget the slave. He has lived a stirring life at home. He might wish for rest and popularity in his adopted country. In his desire to paint in the most striking colours the sins of Old World rulers, he might shrink from giving due prominence to the far greater, more inexcusable, more inconsistent enormities of American Slavery. Every fresh crime of the tyrants of Europe is but an additional reason why we should wish for their overthrow and for the dawning of a brighter day upon the nations they oppress. American Slavery is the grossest treason against liberty and light, and all the hopes of humanity, as far as they are identified with the success of your great republican experiment. In this letter of Barker's that I speak of, and which you have doubtless seen, he nails his colours to the mast. He proves that he is a true man. As he spoke in England, so he speaks in America. No bolder friend of republicanism here—no more thorough-going enemy to Liberty's most tremendous Antithesis there. I have never known a man more courageous in the declaration and defence of his own opinion; and this being the case, he is just the kind of ally you want. He is not altogether unprejudiced. No man is. But he is candid and truthful, and never purposely misstates any man's opinion. I was especially pleased by this letter, for it dispelled some lingering apprehension I felt, and convinced me that your cause has got from England, in his person, another ally of eminent courage, consistency, faithfulness and ability. His defence of George Thompson was admirable and true, and it is all the more valuable, because their religious opinions are utterly different, and because, although both have always been political and philanthropic references, they have worked in different fields, and have had little, if any, opportunity for personal intercourse.

I send you herewith a slip from a New Orleans paper, which I recommend to the post of honour in your Pro-Slavery columns. You will observe the Southern editor begins by asking "Is there no Lunatic Asylum in Cork?" and then proceeds to abuse, in very gross terms, a number of gentlemen in that city who had the temerity to publish some resolutions in the American papers expressive of their horror and disgust at the Fugitive Slave Bill; and he ends with a long set of queries addressed to those gentlemen, and confirmatory of his own views of their ignorance and infatuation, from the pen of Joseph Brenan, of the "*New York Truth Teller*." Now, it may interest you to know that this Joseph Brenan is an Irishman, a native of Cork, a political exile, a friend and coadjutor of John Mitchell. I believe he had been some years settled in the United States when the excitement of 1848 induced him to return to Ireland, in order to carry out his plans for the regeneration of this country. When you read his queries to those Cork Resolvers, you will be able to form an opinion of the sort of Apostle of Liberty he would have proved. He wonders that, for the sake of American trade, the Cork gentlemen have not the wit to hold their tongues about American Slavery. He admits that the Slavery question is "the most important question in the domestic politics of America," but omits to thank the Abolitionists, to whom it is due that this is the fact He declares that "the continued agitation of this question endangers the stability of republicanism in its last and noblest stronghold," but appears unconscious that wherever true liberty exists, Slavery must not only be agitated, but cast out; that wherever Slavery is dominant, as in the Slave States, neither the press nor free speech, nor the foundation principles of liberty and equality are tolerated. He says "the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in America" are the negro's worst enemies—the men who are doing the most to prevent emancipation. This is by no means an original sentiment in New York, though it is odd that the men who have so stirred up the American mind on the subject of Slavery, that it has become "the most important question in the domestic politics of America" (these are Brenan's own words), should be the great pillars of the peculiar institution. I presume he considers Clay, Webster, Calhoun, McDuffie, and the more rampant upholders of Slavery, as the real Abolitionists, the true friends of the slave. The negroes themselves are not of this opinion. The brutal King of Naples, and Pius the Ninth, with his dungeons full of patriots, both call themselves "the fathers of their people." But the people do not think so They had much rather be orphans, and dispense with such terribly severe papas. Mr. Brenan repeats what we are sick of hearing, that immediate emancipation would most likely result in the cutting open the planters' throats. It was not so in the British West Indies, where the relative proportion of slaves was vastly greater, and where they showed no disposition to cut the throats of those who had no longer the power to oppress them. He further informs us that immediate emancipation would realise "the worst curse that humanity can endure, a revolution without ideas," and then refers us to De Tocqueville's work on America for an explanation. I, who am only a plain body, can't imagine what Mr. Brenan means by calling release from Slavery "a revolution without ideas." I would have thought it must be full of ideas and sensation, of the most delightful kind. I wish he could have a little talk with Ellen Craft on this matter. I know that that noble woman esteems her escape from the mean, galling, soul-blistering cruelties to which Slavery subjected her, at the hands of her owner (who was by no means one of the worst of instances), as a revolution rich in ideas—and it is a treat to hear her express them, He further declares that England is trying to dissolve the Union by promoting discontent at the South, and, at the same time, appealing to the North against the sin of Slavery. So that the South sticks to Slavery, and the North feels qualms about acting as the jailor to the slaveholders, merely because England pulls the strings Mr. Brenan has a vast opinion of English influence and ability. One would have thought the existence of Slavery and of three millions of slaves in the midst of a nation of freemen in the enjoyment of republican institutions was quite enough to account for any confusion we witness in the United States, without looking to England for a solution of the phenomenon. But for England, every slaveholder might "larrup his own nigger" in peace. Every tongue would be silent; all consciences would go to sleep; pulpit, platform, pen and pencil, would take no notice of this terrible Three Millions of Facts. England only is to blame. "Garrison and Thompson are paid to embarrass America and involve the republic in difficulties."

Assuming that the English government of Ireland is as bad as Mr. Brenan represents, and that it was well to attempt its overthow by violence, the patriots of 1848 (himself among the number) were not the people to do the work. They were too noisy. They bragged too much. They talked too much. They did too little They constantly put the government on its guard against them by publishing their own intentions in their own newspapers. No set of men ever acted more foolishly. They had no plans—no principles—no clear "ideas." If at that time government had abdicated, and had ordered every English official out of Ireland, the Mitchells, O'Briens, Brenans, Meaghers, and their followers, could not have governed the island for a month. The people would not have allowed them to rule over them. The priests would have asserted their supremacy; and Ireland would speedily have relapsed into the condition of Portugal. Nobody denies, nobody defends, the existence of the poverty and wretchedness so fearfully abundant in Ireland. No class of people in Ireland wishes to continue this state of things, or is wholly responsible for it. All are seeking for a remedy. Politically, the Irish are as free as the English and Scotch. Except in the Free States of America, the same amount of political liberty is not enjoyed in any other part of the world. Our evils are social, not political—the relics of former misgovernment and of bad laws, some of which are still unrepealed. We have great poverty and much distress and degradation resulting from poverty; but we have no Slavery, nor any class of ferocious or foolish men who defend and uphold the evils that afflict us, and insist that they shall be respected and cherished as "peculiar institutions."

Mr. Brenan accuses the English government of having "organized famine" in Ireland. Nobody knows better than he, that a grosser calumny never was uttered. The famine was the result of the potato failure, which nobody could have foreseen or prevented. The people who suffered most from the potato failure were of course the very poor, who were unable to purchase other food when their staple provision utterly failed them. If the country had been properly governed for the last 600 years, the population would probably have been less numerous and certainly better provided for, and the potato failure could not have produced such terrible results But the present government are no more answerable for all this than Mr. Brenan himself We have class legislation; we have many bad laws to get rid of; we have an unequal division of property; we have the State Church saddled upon us; and the People have the Church of Rome lying like an incubus upon their industry and their intellects, sponging them of their money, forbidding education, frowning down liberty of thought or action, and, as I firmly believe, acting as the greatest present bar to Ireland's prosperity. Ultramontanism of the grossest kind is rampant in Ireland, and Rome and Naples show the consequences where the priests are the absolute rulers of a country. You need hope for nothing good, great, heroic, or consistent where the mass of the people are the willing tools of a priesthood, especially the ambitious, unscrupulous, selfish Romish priesthood. If intelligence were free and the people were encouraged to think and to act for their own best interests, the remaining political and legislative difficulties of Ireland would rapidly disappear before the influence of an enlightened public sentiment.

But, after all, *two wrongs* never made *one right*. All the poverty, all the oppression in Ireland, do not at all justify the prodigious inconsistency of *American* Slavery, or weaken in the least the duty of every true man to labour for *its* overthrow.

Mr. Brenan calls the object the Abolitionists are aiming at "a crochet." I wish he would read a little book on Jamaica, just published by Putnam of New York, and written by Mr. Bigelow of the New York *Evening Post*. It is an account of a recent visit to that Island and a description of its present condition. The writer makes no reference to the Abolitionists, and does not appear to have any connexion with them. I know nothing of his politics. He is, however, a genuine American, full of hope and energy, and has entire faith in his country's destiny. He declares that the depreciation in the value of landed property has been very great since the abolition of Slavery; but that this result was hastened, not caused, by emancipation, for the land had all been deeply mortgaged before; and a vast proportion of it belonged to absentees who are up to their ears in debt and are circumstanced precisely like the embarrassed Irish proprietors, now melting away before the action of the Encumbered Estates Bill. The condition of the people is vastly improved. Nobody wishes for the restoration of Slavery. Multitudes of the emancipated slaves have become proprietors of land. If the contempt for labour generated by Slavery could be got rid of by an infusion of energy and enterprise, he thinks that Jamaica would rapidly become a wealthy and prosperous, as it is an amazingly beautiful, fertile, and delightful island. I would earnestly recommend Mr. Bigelow's book to your attention and to that of all Abolitionists. It is candid, sensible, and reliable, and affords a triumphant refutation of the stereotyped misstatements of pro-slavery writers respecting the results of emancipation in the West Indies.

You have, I hope, by this time seen some recent copies of the London *Morning Advertiser*, a daily paper of extensive circulation, which has taken up the Anti-Slavery cause with great ability and energy, and, as an indispensible preliminary, has commenced by stripping the mask off the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society and its Secretary. Their do-nothing obstructive course with regard to American Slavery is ably and thoroughly exposed, and the wretched bigotry and personal spite they have shown in their treatment of the American Anti-Slavery Society are more than hinted at. I beg to offer you my idea of a good illustration of the course of the New Broad Street Society towards the American Slave for the last ten years. I would represent the slave struggling in the slough of bondage, and endeavouring to reach the land. John Scoble should, with one hand and with looks of the tenderest pity, hold out a straw to help him, and with the other wield a whip of scorpions to prevent Garrison from throwing a rope to the sufferer's assistance.

Yours, ever truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

## Miscellaneous News.

## CUBA.

### EXPEDITION OF LOPEZ AS NARRATED BY HIS FOLLOWERS.

A despatch was received at the Navy Department on Monday, the 8th inst., from Commodore Platt of the United States sloop-of-war Albany, dated Havana, Sept. 1851, stating that, in reply to a request from him that he might be permitted to visit the Americans who accompanied Lopez's expedition, and who had surrendered or been captured and brought into Havana, he received the following reply from the Captain-General:

[TRANSLATION.]

HAVANA, August 27, 1851.

SIR: I have received the letter which you addressed to me this day soliciting my permission to hold an interview with the prisoners who have been brought to this port, and who formed a part of the invading expedition which attacked this island.

I inform you, in reply, that I order the commander of her Majesty's frigate "Esperanza," on board of which the prisoners are, to admit you, at any hour at which you may present yourself, to hold the desired interview with permission to remain with the prisoners so long as you may find it convenient: and I avail myself of this occasion to assure you of the esteem which your noble conduct and frank and honourable character entitle you to from me.

I am, therefore, with all respect, your obedient servant, &c., JOSE DE LA CONCHA,

CHAS. J. PLATT, Esq, Commanding United States sloop-of-war Albany, and Senior Officer of the Naval forces of the United States in this port.

And that, availing himself of this permission, Capt. Platt, accompanied by Lieut. William Rogers Taylor, visited the prison in which these unfortunate men were confined, and received from them a narrative of the fatal expedition, as follows:

*Extract from dispatch to the Navy Department, from Commander* CHARLES T. PLATT, *Commanding United States ship Albany, dated Havana, Sept.* 1.

* * * * *

The followers of Lopez having been entirely dispersed and a number of prisoners reported as brought to this place on the 27th ultimo, I addressed a letter to the Captain-General, requesting permission to hold an interview with any Americans who might be among them.—This permission was readily accorded in a reply, which is inclosed. The interview was postponed until the morning of the 30th, the prisoners having in the meantime been transferred to the castle of the "Punta," and some accessions having been made to their number The commandant of the castle informed me that the whole number of prisoners was fifty-seven, of whom about 30 or 35 were Americans, as we learned from themselves. This officer was present throughout the interview. Another gentleman, who was introduced as inspector of prisons, came in during its continuance, and remained until its close. The prisoners were heavily ironed, were clad in a prison uniform, and had their hair closely cut. They were confined in an arched gallery, to which access was had through two grated doors the inner one being entirely of iron In the little anteroom between the two doors, lay the garments worn by the prisoners at the time of their confinement.

On our entrance the Americans were ordered to advance to the front, and all foreigners were sent to the other end of the cell Inquiry being made for the officers, the following presented themselves, viz:

James A Kelly, of New-Orleans, formerly of Bayou Sara, who held the rank of Captain in the expedition.

Robert M. Grider, of New Orleans, a native of Kentucky, a Lieutenant in the same.

J. D. Baker, of——, also a Lieutenant.

No other officer of the expedition presented himself. They were informed that I had obtained permission to visit them, and that my object was to obtain from them any information that they might choose to give, which would be forwarded to the Government of the United States, and perhaps might be the means of deterring others of our countrymen from placing themselves in the same deplorable situation. They were told distinctly that they were in the power of the Spanish Government, and that nothing could be done for them as Americans, inasmuch as the President's proclamation had declared that any persons joining an invading force would thereby forfeit the protection of the Government of the United States. This was said to prevent their forming any false hopes from my visit.

The information obtained was given in the presence of the entire party by the aforesaid officers, and being uncontradicted by any of them, may be regarded as the testimony of the whole.

They stated that the expedition sailed from New Orleans in the steamer "Pampero." They were not sure of the exact number composing it, but thought it was 487; that it certainly did not amount to 500. Before landing in Cuba they anchored near Key West, where they remained several hours, and were visited by some citizens of that place. They landed in Cuba about 2 o'clock of the morning of the 12th of August. Their first fight took place on the 13th. From that period they had lost all recollection of dates. They had five engagements, but could not tell how many of their number had been killed. They were armed with condemned muskets—had no rifles: but many individuals had revolvers and knives. They brought with them 80,000 cartridges, and captured many more after landing.—They had no artillery. Soon after landing they found they had been deceived, and became anxious to return home. They being informed, before sailing, that 14 towns were in possession of the "patriots," (to use their own language,) and that the whole island was in a state of revolution. They suppose that the fifty men captured with Col. Crittenden were endeavouring to make their escape. They so infer from the fact that they were all dispirited by the reception they met with, and disgusted, as they said, with the "lies and deception" practiced toward them. The country people generally fled at their approach, and none joined them. Worn out with hunger and fatigue, the men composing this body threw away their arms a week or ten days previously—they could not distinctly remember when. They had not at that time heard of the offer of life to such as would give themselves up, but their intention was to throw themselves upon the mercy of the Spanish government. They did not come in all together, but in small parties, and at different times. They had subsisted chiefly upon fruit, and the last meat that some of them had eaten was a portion of their general's horse. There was no lack of ammunition when they threw away their arms, though much of what they brought had been damaged by rain. Lieutenant Grider stated that he carried a musket, though an officer, and that he had twenty-eight rounds of cartridges in his box when he threw it away.

Cap. Kelly stated that the editor of *The New-Orleans Delta*, Mr. Sigur, was instrumental in persuading him to join the expedition, having addressed him personally upon the subject. He has reason to believe that he persuaded many others also. The whole party manifested much indignation toward General Lopez and Mr. Sigur; and many of them asserted that it would be worse for the latter if they should live to return home. On being told that General Lopez was taken prisoner, a cry of joy and exultation ran through the crowd.

They stated that Lopez was chief of the expedition.

Col Dowsman was second in command, and was killed on the 13th.

Col. Wm. Scott Haynes, of Tennessee, was another leader. According to their best belief he was still in the mountains.

Col. Crittenden had been an officer of the United States Army during the war with Mexico.

A Hungarian named Pragay who acted as Adjutant-General, was mortally wounded on the 13th.

It is a matter of regret that so imperfect a narrative has been obtained from these unfortunate men. In the excitement of the moment, many would speak at once; and to some questions it was difficult to get a satisfactory answer, on account of the eagerness of all to give it. . . . . . . . .

At the request of the commandant of the castle, the prisoners were asked if they had had the benefit of medical attendance since their confinement. They replied they had. They were also asked if they had been provided with two meals a day, and whether they had bread and coffee for breakfast. Some said they had: but others replied that they had no coffee. The commandant immediately inquired the reason of his subordinate, who stated that those who had been confined there on the previous evening came too late to be provided for on that morning, but they would have their allowance of coffee at dinner. He stated that the others had been provided for according to the order.

It may be proper to add that the prisoners appeared to be in good health, and by no means so much reduced as their exposure and hardships would seem to warrant They even appeared to be cheerful, which may have been the effect of their relief from a condition of far greater anxiety and suffering experienced during their wanderings upon the island.

I should have stated that my First Lieutenant, Mr Taylor, was with me during this interview.

The whole number of prisoners, including those not yet brought to Havanna, is officially stated to be about one hundred and thirty.

I have just learned that Lopez was captured on Friday last, (August 29) was brought in last night, and publicly garroted at 7 o'clock this morning.

We learn that, upon the receipt of these dispatches, the President directed copies to be sent to the Spanish Minister, the further to enforce an appeal already made to that government, now since the leader of the expedition has been cut off, to deal mercifully with his deluded followers, who were enticed into the invasion under the belief that the people of the island were already in a state of revolution, and desired assistance to establish a republican government—a state of facts which, had it existed, could not have justified their conduct, either in the view of our own statutes or of the law of nations, but the expectation of which gives them a strong claim to pardon.

### FULL ACCOUNT OF THE CUBAN EXPEDITION BY LIEUT. VAN VECHTEN.

The Steamer Winfield Scott, arrived at this port on Saturday, from New Orleans. She touched at Key West where she took on board Lieut. P. S. Van Vechten, of Lopez's expedition, who has been pardoned and released by the Captain General of Cuba. Lieut. Van Vechten has furnished the *Herald* with a history of the expedition; which on account of its extreme interest we insert entire.

NARRATIVE.

I became connected with the expedition at New Orleans, receiving, on the 30th day of July last, an appointment as First Lieutenant of Company B, of Colonel W. L. Crittenden's regiment, (1st Artillery,) commanded by Captain James Sanders. The expedition, as you are already aware, left New Orleans, at day break, on the morning of Sunday, the 3d of August, in the steamer Pampero We were towed to the mouth of the river, our engine being out of order. We remained in the river until Wednesday, the 6th, and left through the Northeast Pass, at 6 o'clock, P. M., of that day, for Key West. The intention at that time was to go to Key West, and there take on board a pilot for the river St. Johns—at which place we were to embark a light battery of artillery, with caissons, ammunition and harness complete, together with a number of cavalry saddles—and from thence were to run to the south side of Cuba and land as near as possible to Puerto Principe.

We reached Key West, and anchored some distance from the city, at about 3 P. M., on Sunday, the 10th instant. While at Key West, a quantity of brandy and champagne was received on board, which was imbibed tolerably freely by Lopez and his staff About dusk of that day, no pilot appearing, Lopez called a council, composed entirely of the Cubans and Hungarians attached to his staff, (no Americans being called) who decided to give up going to the St. John's River, and run immediately for the Coast of Cuba, which was done at about 10 P. M. The next morning, owing to the variation of the compass from muskets being stocked near it, we found ourselves in plain sight of the Moro Castle, and about twelve miles distant; the vessel immediately headed to the northward and westward and run out of sight of land. About 3 P M. of that day, Lopez took the captain and mate out of a Spanish schooner, to act as pilots, giving them to understand that they would be shot if they showed any disposition to escape or deceive. At 1 P. M. we again stood in for the land, and soon after dusk sent a boat in to reconnoitre, which was hailed by a sentry on the walls of the fort, situated near Bahia Honda, the ship not being more than a mile from it. As soon as the boat reported, lights were extinguished and press of steam put on, the ship running to the westward along the land.

About 10 o'clock, while running under the charge of a pilot, under a press of steam, the ship suddenly struck, and before the engines could be stopped had run more than her length upon a coral reef. After examining her situation, it was found that she was lying in about eight feet of water, while her draft was over nine feet; and that it was necessary that the force should be immediately landed, which was done; and about two o'clock on the morning of the 12th of August, the last of us disembarked upon the shore of what we had been taught to consider would soon be the free Island of Cuba. The first boats which landed were fired upon by a party of twenty men, who fled on their fire being returned from the boat which contained Captain Gouti, (a Cuban commanding an American company,) of Lieutenant Laiuingham, and about thirty privates of his company. One of Gouti's men was wounded in the arm, and returned in the ship, and the cap of the Lieutenant was cut into halves on his head.

At daylight Lopez sent a *pronunciamento* to Los Posas, a small village ten miles distant, in which he informed the inhabitants that he was about to march to that place and would give no quarter to any whom he found there, who did not join him. There being no means of transporting baggage at Cabanos, where we landed. Lopez ordered Colonel Crittenden to remain there and protect our stores, consisting of about 100,000 musket cartridges, three thousand muskets and seven hundred pounds of powder, in kegs, together with the personal baggage of all the officers, saying that he would march on to Los Posas, with the regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Dowman, and send from thence transportation, and that he would remain there until joined by Crittenden. Accordingly Lopez marched at 3 o'clock, with three hundred and twenty-three men, leaving Crittenden at Cabanos, with one hundred and thirty men. At 11 o'clock that night, Crittenden received two carts, and started immediately after, to join Lopez at Los Posas.

The carts being heavily loaded and the roads bad. our progress was of necessity slow, not advancing more than a mile an hour. About two hours after daylight on the morning of the 13th, we reached a house containing a store and grog shop, about four miles from Los Posas. The advance guard and main body only had reached the house, (the rear guard with the carts being still some quarter of a mile behind) and were engaged in eating breakfast, their arms being laid aside, when they were surprised by the report of musketry and the whistling of bullets, which proceeded from the advanced guard of a body of the enemy, five hundred strong. We immediately seized our guns and killed nine of the enemy, and made one prisoner, none of our party having been injured. Not seeing any more of the enemy, the Colonel concluded it was but a foraging party that had attacked us, and our rear guard having come up with the carts, ordered us to resume our breakfasts, which we did. About ten minutes after we were again attacked by the whole force of the enemy, they having the advantage of position, being posted on the brow of a hill overlooking our position, with a belt of chapparal, some three hundred yards wide, intervening, over which we could not fire. Crittenden immediately gave the order to charge leading himself, and forced the enemy to retreat to a large body of chapparal some seventy-five or eighty yards in the rear of their first position, from which they opened a heavy fire upon our force as soon as it appeared in sight on the brow of the hill.

Finding that he could not maintain that position, Crittenden gave an order to retreat to the house, which was done, while the enemy resumed his position on the hill, and again opened his fire; upon which Crittenden ordered a second charge, at the same time saying that he wished a small party to attain a position at the right flank of the enemy, to charge from that side the same moment he charged from the front. Second Lieutenant W. H. Crafts, (also of company B) and myself volunteered, and succeeded in attaining the position with twenty men. After remaining in it for about half an hour, and hearing nothing of Crittenden, we returned to the house, where we found Captain Kelly, of Company A, with ten men, guarding the carts, but could hear or see nothing of Crittenden. The enemy soon after advancing towards the house, we were compelled to retreat, leaving our baggage and stores; and that night, or rather the next morning we succeeded in forming a junction with Lopez at Los Posas; half an hour before his march from that place. At the same hour that Crittenden was attacked at the hacienda, a body of the enemy, eight hundred strong, under General Enna, attacked Lopez at Los Posas.

After a hard fight of over two hours the enemy retreated, leaving the Americans masters of the field, and over two hundred of their number (among whom were several of their highest officers) dead and wounded—the American lose being, in killed, wounded and missing, only about thirty men, among whom Colonel Downman and Lieut. Labizan were killed, and General Pragay and Captains Brigham and Gonti were mortally wounded. After the action, the Spanish wounded were brought in, and as well taken care of as circumstances would admit. Lopez rode entirely unarmed over the field, through the hottest of the fire, occasionally applying a red raw hide, with a great deal of vigour, to the shoulders of such men as he thought could be hurried into firing a little faster. On the morning of the 14th, at 2 o'clock, Lopez marched from Los Posas into the mountains, leaving there seventeen wounded Spaniards and thirteen of our side, all of whom were bayoneted by the Spaniards, and their bodies piled in a heap, cross-ways, at the foot of a hill.

Two days after, (on the 16th) Lopez was again attacked by three hundred lancers and six hundred infantry while encamped at a hacienda which formerly belonged to himself, but was confiscated some three years since. Here the action lasted from 12 to 2 o'clock, on one of the hottest days I ever experienced. The enemy were again compelled to retreat, with a loss of three hundred and twenty men; and at the same moment that the retreat of the Spaniards in one direction was reported to Lopez, he issued an order to his own force to retreat in an opposite, and actually, that day, made a forced marched of eighteen miles in five hours, over a mountain road. On the 19th, being still on the mountains, we were overtaken by a severe rain storm, which destroyed the greater portion of our ammunition, and rendered our guns entirely useless. We encamped on the evening of that day at a rauche on the foot of the mountains, about two leagues from Bahia Honda. We remained undisturbed that night; and were attacked, just at breakfast time on the morning of the 20th, being taken by surprise, the sentry on the outpost having left his post to wash himself in a creek, where he was killed. Owing to the unserviceable condition of their arms, the force under Lopez was completely routed, flying to the mountains in all directions—Lopez himself barely escaping on horseback, with the loss of his saddle, pistols and spyglass—of everything, in fact, but what he wore. That night he encamped on the top of one of the highest mountains on the Island of Cuba, exposed to all the violence of a terrific norther, without neither shelter, fire or food.

It is impossible for me to describe the sufferings of that night. Heaven forbid that I ever pass such another. The rain fell in torrents, while ever and anon a terrific crash would announce that some massive tree had fallen, either before the force of the wind, or the still mightier lightning. That night equalled an ordinary lifetime. On the evening of the 21st, having been forty eight hours without eating, we killed a horse, which was divided among one hundred and twenty-five men, who were all that now remained with Lopez. We wandered through mountains, unable to extricate ourselves, subsisting on such leaves and roots as we could find, until midday of Sunday, the 24th, when we succeeded in reaching a road running from Bahia Honda to San Cristobal, along which we advanced until nearly night, when two Spanish lancers were discovered advancing, but fled on seeing us. A halt was immediately ordered, and an examination made of the state of our forces, which showed a total of one hundred and twenty five men, eighty muskets, about twenty of which were serviceable, and about forty dry cartridges Under this state of affairs, it was deemed advisable to retreat, which was ordered, and a pursuit commenced by the enemy, who lay in ambush some few hundred yards in advance, with a force of nine hundred men. On the approach of the enemy, the whole force of Lopez separated into small bodies, and dispered through the mountains, throwing away their guns and everything which could encumber them in their flight, seven men only remaining with the General. A large number were overtaken and immediately killed. I, myself, was one of a party of eight who had previously determined on leaving Lopez, and attempting to escape from the island.

We remained in the mountains until the morning of Tuesday the 26th, when having had but one meal in six days, and feeling that we could bear it no longer, we determined to go into the plains, considering that it would be better to be killed outright than die a lingering death from starvation, which we certainly would do in the mountains.

We accordingly advanced to a house where we were treated with a great deal of kindness, and received a most excellent breakfast. An arrangement was made to procure a guide to the south shore, with provisions, &c., and we were about to leave and conceal ourselves until night when, in the twinkling of an eye, we were surrounded by 200 armed countrymen, who immediately bound us securely, and inverted our pockets, considering the contents lawful plunder. That day we reached San Cristobal Until we reached San Cristobal, we were under the impression that we were to be immediately shot, our only consolation being that we were to die with full stomachs.

On our arrival there, we were informed that a proclamation had been issued ten hours before our arrest, sparing the lives of all "fillibusteros" who were made prisoners, or gave themselves up, within four days, except the traitor Lopez, after which, an order, dated, I think. the 24th of April, (by which all foreigners found in the island were ordered to be put to death,) was to continue in full force. On the 28th, there being then 47 prisoners, we left San Cristobal for Havana; and on Friday night reached Guayamas, the terminus of a railroad from Havana There an order was received from the Captain General to proceed to Mariel, and embark, he being fearful that the prisoners would be torn to pieces by the rabble at Havana. We reached Mariel on the evening of the 30th, and were embarked upon the steamer Almendares, to proceed to Havana, when an express arrived, bringing information of the capture of Lopez, and the steamer was delayed to await his arrival, which took place at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Sunday, the 31st, when we immediately left for Havana. Lopez was entirely at liberty, and smoked his cigaretto with apparently as much unconcern as he ever did in his life Outside the harbour of Mariel, Lopez was transferred to the steam frigate Pizarro, which conveyed him to Havana, and which he did not leave until he left, next morning for the place of execution.

The remainder of us were confined that night in the City Prison in the rear of the fort called the Punta.—The prisoners passed through a regular process, their hair being first cut close to their heads. They then passed into the hands of another barber, who deprived them of their whiskers; then another provided them with a prison uniform, and the exercises were terminated by a big negro, who securely fastened them in pairs by a chain, similar in size and weight to a log chain, firmly secured to the ankle.

At the time of my release from prison which was at 10 o'clock on the night of the 4th instant, there were 160 of our force prisoners. They were all chained, and confined in one large room hardly large enough, however, for all to lie down at once. They were treated very kindly, and allowed all the privileges that could be expected. As a matter of course, where so many men are confined in a limited space and not allowed to leave it under any circumstances, it naturally follows that it must be very unpleasant. Their sentence is ten years' hard labour in Spain, probably in the construction of a canal. They all appeared to be in good spirits at the time I left, being under the impression that they would soon be released after their arrival in Spain.

Lopez was brought from the Pizarro, and publicly garroted in the square adjoining the prison, at 7 o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 1st of September. With him ended not only this expedition, but I sincerely trust all expeditions to Cuba.

Up to the time I left, the Spaniards could account for two hundred and seventy-one Americans—including Crittenden's command—whom they had killed, that is, in action; wounded men who were left on the field, and sick and fatigued men who gave out on the march, and were left behind, and men whom they hunted down in the mountains with dogs. Those, with the one hundred and sixty taken prisoners, make a total of four hundred and thirty-one men accounted for—leaving a balance of twenty-two men whose fate is yet unknown—the total force landed being four hundred and fifty-three men Of these twenty-two, probably the greater portion are yet alive and in the mountains; and as the troops have all been recalled to Havana, it is probable some of them may yet succeed in getting home. Out of the whole number made prisoners, but two others beside myself, have been pardoned. Those are Col. Haynes and Capt. Kelly, whom the Captain General pardoned, and sent home, unsolicited. They were to leave Havana for this port in the packet ship Norma on Friday. My own release was granted as a special favour to Capt. Charles T. Platt, of the United States ship Albany, on board of which I was conveyed by an aid of the Captain General, at 11 o'clock, on Wednesday night. the ship proceeding to sea immediately. His Excellency sent a government tow boat and pilot to take her out.

Lopez was caught with bloodhounds, in the mountains on the morning of Friday the 29th inst. The dogs being some distance in advance of the men, bit him badly in the left leg. There were seventeen countrymen in the party who captured him, each of whom was publicly presented with $1000 and a cross of honour, immediately after his execution.

Let us now review the cause and results of this expedition. At the time I received my appointment from Mr. Sigur, one of the editors of the New Orleans Delta, I was told by him that a revolt was regularly organized among the creoles throughout the Island of Cuba; that they had elected General Lopez as their leader, and their object was to free Cuba from the tyranny of Spain and either form a republic of their own, or annex the island to the United States. He told me that Lopez was about to leave New Orleans for Cuba, with about five hundred Americans; and that his landing was the signal for a general rising, and that within ten days after landing he would be at the head of an army of ten thousand men; that there were also two whole regiments of Spanish troops to come over to him with their equipments. The same story was told to all. Was it so?

As I have already stated, our first salutation was a volley of musketry, instead of, as the Delta asserts, a large body of friends, with horses, stores &c, for our use. Instead of finding the Creoles our friends, we found them our most bitter enemies, far more so than the troops, keeping the troops constantly informed of our movements, and hanging on our skirts, putting to death without mercy, all those who straggled on the march. Of the troops I cannot but speak in praise, without a single exception. They treated the prisoners with the utmost kindness, giving them wine, segars, bread, tobacco, and aguadente, freely, and from their own small means. I imagine no one will say that we had a right to expect such treatment. Our conduct forced and demanded their respect, but certainly we had no claim either on their sympathy or generosity.

Much has been said relative to the execution of Crittenden and his men. Among all the prisoners now in Havana, much as they admired Crittenden, there is but one opinion, and that is, that the execution was justifiable—was merited. That they were deceived all know; but that was no business of the Spanish authorities. Surely the provocation received was sufficient to justify not only the execution of those men, but of every man connected with the expedition. Why, look at this affair in its proper light! Where, even in history, in the annals of the world, do you find a similar occurrence? Here four hundred and fifty men, without having received the least provocation, leave their homes, and invade the shores of a perfectly peaceful island, expressing a determination to take that island from its lawful owners, by force Self-preservation is one of the first laws of nature; and if the law will uphold and protect that American citizen, who, without, hesitation shoots down the midnight robber in defence of his property, certainly that law will uphold the officers of the crown of Spain in exterminating a band of men who attempt to wrest its brightest jewel from that crown. I consider that every man connected with that expedition deserved death. At the time I was made prisoner, I fully expected it, and, although the reflection was anything but pleasant, my own conscience told me that it was just. Crittenden with his force not only committed a crime in landing on the island, but actually committed an act of open piracy in taking those vessels in which he was caught, the punishment for which is, by the laws of all nations, death.

Much has been said relative to the mutilation of their bodies. Certainly I was not present at the time, and cannot speak positively, but I cannot learn from a reliable source that such was the case. I have conversed with the officers of the U. S. ship Albany on the subject. They are men of high standing in society, and they assure me that such was not the case—that they were shot in accordance with military usages on such occasions, and that the only thing that occurred that could be condemned was the way in which they were dragged to and thrown into carts by negroes ordered to bury them.

It has been reported that Crittenden wrote home that he had been abandoned by Lopez, without arms or ammunition. I do not believe that Crittenden ever wrote anything of the kind. Attached to his command—in hourly contact with him—I knew him, and do not hesitate in saying that a braver, nobler, more honourable man than Wm L. Crittenden, never lived. Instead of having no ammunition, he had all, and was particularly selected to guard it—that being a most difficult and yet honourable service. Lopez did not desert him, but in leaving him, in dividing his command. committed one of those errors which eventually cost him his life; but had Crittenden on the morning of the 13th, gone on and joined Lopez at Los Posas, instead of retreating to the sea, all would have been well—then he would have lost only the store; as it was he lost all. Why he did so, is inexplicable, and must ever remain involved in mystery.

Had Lopez carried out his original intention of landing near Puerto Principe, the result might, perhaps, have been different—he might there, perhaps, have found friends, and raised a force sufficient to sustain itself until reinforcements were sent out from the States. In landing where he did, Lopez without doubt acted as he thought for the best; but there, as in many other instances, he erred. Of his personal courage there is no doubt; but when we speak of military knowledge, of judgment, of his ability to lead an expedition, I say at once he had neither. Lopez was probably as much or more deceived than any man in the expedition. His ambition led him to be the tool and victim of heartless speculators. Avarice, not philanthropy, was the main spring of this expedition.

I now distinctly, openly assert that all those letters purporting to be from Cuba, which were published during the month of July last, and copied throughout the Union, were base forgeries, for the express purpose of deceiving the citizens of the United States, and advancing the sale of Cuban bonds. Knowing the ambition of Lopez, and that strong disposition to extend the glorious boon of freedom which fills the breast of every American citizen, these speculators in human blood took advantage of their knowledge to further their own end. They well knew how little effort was required to start and keep alive this excitement. They thought, or at least they fondly hoped, that more men would go out to join this little band, and that eventually the island would be free. Cuban bonds were worth, or were selling, at from 10 to 20 cents on a dollar, when this expedition left. Naturally they would increase in value as the prospect of liberating Cuba became more certain; and if this expedition succeeded as they pretended to think it would, Cuba when liberated from what they denominated the tyranny of Spain, would have been burthened with a debt of from fifty to one hundred millions of dollars, at least fifty per cent. of which would have been in the pockets of these would-be philanthropists, who, active as they wished to be thought in the holy cause of liberty, took the best of good care to peril neither life nor their own precious liberty in its behalf. At the expiration of the war, and after Cuba should have become free, then it was to be annexed to the United States, and as a matter of course the payment of of these Cuban bonds was to be assumed by that Government. What do they care for the mothers, wives and sisters of the gallant men who formed the ill-fated expedition, who have been rendered utterly wretched and miserable forever? They do not feel the chains, the anguish, borne by those one hundred and sixty noble fellows, doomed to spend the best ten years of their lives in a Spanish prison. No; they feel the blood money in their pockets, and laugh over the result of their speculation. They are the men to be punished. It is on them the shades of our murdered countrymen call for vengeance. Heavy, indeed, must be their punishment, when, at the last day, an offended and just Judge shall demand of them retribution for their deeds.

This is, I believe, a correct account of the causes, proceedings, and results of the unfortunate expedition. I have endeavoured to give an impartial account, and if any man, either North or South, considers himself aggrieved by any remark contained herein, I will endeavour to afford him such satisfaction as the nature of the case may demand. There have also been, I understand, some reflections made on the conduct of our Consul at Havana, Mr. Owens, and also one of the officers of the Albany, at the time of the execution. At that time Mr. Owens not only was unable to do anything to assist them, but, as I am informed and believe, was actually in danger himself, from the rabble at Havana, a guard of Spanish soldiers having been placed over his property and person by order of the Captain General As for the Albany, she was powerless on that occasion. Her officers and crew, to a man, sympathized with and deeply regretted the melancholy fate of their unfortunate countrymen, but they could do no more. My word for it, if ever an opportunity should occur, the officers and crew of that ship will not only uphold the honour of the American flag, but add new laurels to its wreath.

And now, in conclusion, let me, through the medium of your columns, return my sincere thanks to his Honour the Mayor, to Colonel O'Hara, Captain Cary, and other citizens of Key West, for the many kindnesses and attentions shown to me, assuring them that I shall ever remember them with gratitude.

I annex, for the benefit of their friends, a list of the officers who left New Orleans, in Crittenden's regiment.

I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

PHILIP S. VAN VECHTEN.

Late 1st Lieutenant Cuba Expedition.

OFFICERS OF CRITTENDEN'S COMMAND.

Col. W. L. Crittenden; Com. Gen. ——Cook; Q. M. Gen. —— Vesey; Reg. Q. M. Felix Huston jr.; Reg. Adj't. —— Stanniford; Reg. Bom—— Bell; Capt. J. A. Kelley, Co. A.; 1st Lt T. C. June, do.; 2d do. John Briee. do.; 2d Lt. —— Stevens, Co. A.; Capt. James Sandes, Co. B.; 1st Lt. P. S. Van Vechten; 2d Lt. B. E. Hunter, Co. B.; 2d Lt. Wm. H. Crafts, do.; Capt. Victor Kerr, Co. C.; 1st Lt. James Brandt, do.; 2d do. —— Robinson, do.; Serj. Major Vean.

Of the above, Captain Kelly, Lieutenant Craft, and myself now only survive. Yours, &c. P. S. V. V.

——KENTUCKY ELECTION.—The official returns make Cassius M. Clay's votes for Governor 3621, and George D. Blakey's, the emancipation candidate for Lieut. Governor, 1670

——CASSIUS M. CLAY (the *Tribune* says) will attend the National Free Soil Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 24th inst. The following extract of a private letter recently received from him shows that he "bates no jot of heart nor hope" in the cause of Universal Freedom:

"My canvass is closed. I have received but a few thousand votes (676 in my own county), it is true, but a great end is gained. I have first achieved the liberty of the press, and now the freedom of debate. 'The reign of terror' in Kentucky is no more; a *permanent party is planted*, that must at last make free my own native land"

——MISS ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, M. D., has recently returned to this City, from a two years' residence abroad; one of which was spent as an *interne*, or house-physician at the Maternity Lying-in Hospital of Paris. Another year was occupied in the same capacity in the St. Bartholemew's Hospital in London. Miss B. has also spent some time with Preisnitz, at Graeffenburgh, studying the water-cure treatment.

——AN UNLUCKY MISTAKE.—On Tuesday last, says the Cleveland *True Democrat*, a Southerner arrived here on the "Buckeye State," accompanied by his servant, and intending to take the C. C. and C. Railroad, en route for the "sunny South." As the Pittsburgh cars leave at the same hour as the Cincinnati Railroad train, by a mistake entirely natural, the servant took the *wrong cars*—and at this moment, for all we know to the contrary the twain are still pursuing their course, the space between them constantly widening. The "chattel property" must be more careful in future.

### DEATHS.

PUGH—At Philadelphia, on the 28th ultimo, Catharine Pugh, aged 80.

GALLAUDET—At Hartford, Ct., on the 10th instant, after a protracted illness, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, L L.D., in the 84th year of his age.

GRAHAM—At Northampton, Mass, on the 11th instant, Dr. Sylvester Graham.

COOPER—At his residence in Cooperstown, on Sunday last, James Fennimore Cooper, aged 62 years.

## Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

THE Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Horticultural Hall, at West Chester, on the 7th, 8th and 9th of October, commencing on Tuesday, the 7th, at 11 o'clock.

At a time like this, when the Slavery agitation has reached a point of interest of the highest intensity; when the slaveholders at the South and their abettors at the North, are resorting to every expedient that an unscrupulous ingenuity can devise to secure the stability, and promote the growth of their system; when unprincipled politicians are bartering the interests of freedom for their objects of sordid ambition, and when men of commerce are putting their principles into the market as part of their stock in trade, the duty of Abolitionists to meet together for consultation and action is too obvious to need demonstration. The obligation upon the members of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society in this respect is especially imperative. Our State has, for the last twelve months, been the chosen hunting-ground for the slaveholder, and our populous towns and peaceful valleys are even now infested with prowling kidnappers, on the watch for their prey. Pennsylvania has furnished more victims, than any other two States of the Union, to the infamous Fugitive Slave Law; and base men among us, not satisfied with this, are demanding, by the repeal of the humane act of 1847, still further facilities for the execution of this iniquitous statute.

It is under circumstances of this kind, and in view of facts such as these, that the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania are summoned to come up to their Annual Convention. It is confidently trusted that the summons will be responded to by a general and enthusiastic attendance. The invitation is extended to our co-labourers in other States, and to the true friends of Freedom everywhere.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

HAWARTH WETHERALD, Secretary.

### *WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION, TO BE HELD AT WORCESTER, OCTOBER 15th AND 16th*, 1851.

IN accordance with a vote of the Women's Right Convention held in Worcester, Mass., on the 23d and 24th of October last, another Convention for the same objects will be held on the 15th and 16th of October next, in Worcester. We cordially invite all, both Men and Women, to meet at the appointed time and place, for the free and full discussion of this great question

The cause itself, affecting as it does the destiny of the race, takes the front rank in those Reform Movements which the progressive spirit of the age has called into being, and invites to its aid all who see and feel the wrongs which grow out of the false positions occupied by women, and who, having

"No dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind,"

dare give to such a movement the sanction of their presence, and to embody in word and deed the thoughts and feelings which they must have who see that Woman, Socially, Civilly, Religiously and Educationally, occupies an unnatural and unworthy position. The work contemplated is no child's play. It wars directly with the thought, so deeply rooted and so hoary, that woman is only an appendage, and was an integral part in the fabric of human society. It is in full conflict with the world's teachers, its preachers, its lawyers, its poets and its painters. It stands opposed to those soul blighting usages of society which have consigned women to an aimless and objectless existence; and have baptized a life so unworthy as peculiarly fitting and graceful for woman.

Such are some of the circumstances. Come, then, to the Convention, prepared as thought meets thought to seize and *use* each new ray of light in dispelling the "gross darkness" that spreads everywhere relative to Woman's Rights, and duties which grow out of those rights.

Reports will be presented from the Committees appointed by the last Convention, on Education, Industrial Associations, Civil and Political Functions and Social Relations. It is very earnestly desired that the Committees should meet the evening previous to the opening of the Convention.

On behalf of the Central Committee,

P. W. DAVIS, President.

W. H. CHANNING, } Secretaries.
LUCY STONE, }

## Kimberton Farm at Public Sale.

WILL be sold at public sale, on the premises, on Second day, Monday, the 20th day of Tenth month, October next, the property well known as the Kimberton Farm, for a long time occupied as a

*BOARDING SCHOOL,*

situate in Chester county, 30 miles from Philadelphia, 3 miles from the Reading Railroad Station at Phoenixville, and 3 miles from the Chester Springs, on a Daily Mail Stage route from Phoenixville to Lancaster. The Farm contains about

117 *ACRES*

of land, of an excellent quality, in a high state of cultivation and well watered, with a reasonable proportion of woodland; a large proportion in grass, and well adapted to grazing. Iron Ore is believed to be abundant on the Farm The buildings are a spacious stone

*DWELLING HOUSE*

80 feet front, with gothic portico, and grounds tastefully laid out, which makes the appearance very agreeable; extensive back buildings, with conveniences for the accommodation of 80 boarders. Abundance of pure spring water is distributed through different parts of the building. amply sufficient for household and bathing purposes. The Farm Buildings are also of Stone, substantial and commodious: a large Barn, with Stabling, Wagon-house, Carriage-house, Ice-house, &c. The locality, on account of its salubrity, the abundance and purity of the water, the beauty of the grounds contiguous to the dwelling, and of the surrounding country, is desirable either for the accommodation of a School, or a Summer Boarding House, as it is within two hours' ride of Philadelphia. Also 46 acres, adjoining the above, will be sold at the same time. ☞For further particulars inquire of Henry Kimber, residing on the premises; or on Abigail Kimber, No. 70 Marshall street, Philadelphia. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, on said day, at which time the conditions will be made known by

ABIGAIL KIMBER.

*September 3d.* 1851.

## Poetry.

### THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

I LOVE the banging hammer,
The whirring of the plane,
The crushing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ring of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning-lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
And the fan's continuous boom—
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the awl—
The sounds of busy labour
I love, I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout,
As he spurs his stock along;
The bustle of the market-man,
As he hies him to the town;
The hallo from the tree-top,
As the ripened fruit comes down,
The busy sound of threshers,
As they clean the ripened grain,
And the huskers' joke and mirth and glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain,
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of active industry
I love, I love them all.

For they tell my longing spirit
Of the earnestness of life;
How much of all its happiness
Comes out of toil and strife.
Not that toil and strife that fainteth
And murmureth all the way—
Not that toil and strife that groaneth
Beneath the tyrant's sway;
But the toil and strife that springeth
From a free and willing heart;
A strife which ever bringeth
To the striver all his part.

Oh! there is good in labour,
If we labour but aright,
That gives vigour to the day-time
And a sweeter sleep at night.
A good that bringeth pleasure,
Even to the toiling hours—
For duty cheers the spirit
As the dew revives the flowers.

Oh! say not that Jehovah
Bade us labour as a doom!
No, it is His richest mercy,
And will scatter half life's gloom!
Then let us still be doing
Whate'er we find to do—
With an earnest willing spirit,
And a strong hand FREE AND TRUE.

## Miscellany.

### MARIE LOUISE DEFENDED.

MARIE LOUISE was little known to the Parisians, and but little beloved in France. Borne away from Vienna as a trophy of victory, conquered more than courted, succeeding in the hero's couch the still living Empress Josephine, whose Creole graces, apparent goodness, and light-hearted disposition, made her, even with these very defects, more popular with so light and superficial a people; a stranger in the midst of France, speaking its language with timidity, studying its manners with embarrassment, Marie Louise lived in seclusion, like a captive amidst the official circle with which the Emperor surrounded her. That court of beautiful women, newly titled, anxious to repress every attraction except that of their own rank and high favour, allowed nothing to be known of the new Empress except the simplicity and the awkwardness natural to one who was almost a child, and which was calculated to render her unpopular in her own court. That court was the haughty slanderer of the young Empress. Marie Louise took refuge in court ceremony—in solitude and silence—against the malevolence that acted as a spy on her every word and action. Intimidated by the fame, by the grandeur, and by the impetuous tenderness of the ravisher, whom she dared not contemplate as a husband, it is unknown whether her timidity permitted her to love him with unrestrained affection. Napoleon loved her with feelings of superiority and pride. She was the blazon of his affiliation with great dynasties; she was the mother of his son, and the establishment of his ambition. But though he exalted no favourites, less from virtue than constitutional disdain, he was known to have had passing predilections for some of the beautiful women by whom he was surrounded. Jealousy, therefore, though she dared not accuse her rivals, might have chilled the heart of Marie Louise. The public were unjust enough to require from her the most passionate and devoted love, when her nature could only inspire her with duty and respect for a soldier who had merely recognized in her a hostage for Germany and a pledge of posterity.

This constraint obscured her natural charms, clouded her features, intimidated her mind, and depressed her heart. She was only regarded as a foreign ornament attached to the columns of the throne. Even history, written in ignorance of the truth, and influenced by the resentment of Napoleon's courtiers, has slandered this princess. Those who have known her will award her, not the stoical and theatrical glory which people required of her, but her natural qualities. She was a charming daughter of the Tyrol, with blue eyes and fair hair. Her complexion varied with the whiteness of its snows and the roses of its valleys; her figure light and graceful, its attitude yielding and languid, like those German maidens who seem to look for the support of some manly heart. Her dreamy glance, full of internal visions, was veiled by the silken fringes of her eyes. Her lips were somewhat pouting; her bosom full of sighs and fruitful affection; her arms were of due length, fair and admirably moulded, and fell with graceful langour on her robe, as if weary of the burden of her destiny. Her neck habitually inclined towards her shoulder. She appeared of northern melancholy transplanted into the tumult of a Gaelic camp. The pretended insipidity of silence concealed thoughts delicately feminine, and the mysteries of sentiment, which wafted her in imagination far from that court to her magnificent but rude place of exile.

The moment she returned to her private apartments, or to the solitude of her gardens, she again became essentially German. She cultivated the arts of poetry, painting and music. In these accomplishments, education had rendered her perfect, as if to console her, when far from her native land, for the absence and the sorrows to which she would one day be exposed. In these acquirements she excelled, but they were confined to herself alone. She read and repeated from memory the poetry of her native bards. By nature she was simple, but pleasing, and absorbed within herself; externally silent, but full of internal feelings; formed for domestic love in an obscure destiny; but, dazzled on a throne, she felt herself exposed to the gaze of the world as the conquest of pride, not the love of a hero. She could dissemble nothing, either during her grandeur or after the reverses of her lord; and this was her crime. The theatrical world, into which she had been thrown, looked for the picture of conjugal passion in a captive of victory. She was too unsophisticated to affect love when she only felt obedience, timidity, and resignation. Nature will pity, though history may accuse her.

This is a true portraiture of Marie Louise. I wrote it in her presence ten years afterwards. She had developed at that period, during her liberty and her widowhood, all the hidden graces of her youth. They wished her to play a part—the actress was wanting, but the woman remained. History should award her—what the partial verdict of Napoleon's courtiers refused—pity, tenderness, and grace.

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She has been condemned for not having been the theatrical heroine of an affection she never felt. Overlooking the feelings of a woman, her accusers forgot that the heart will make itself heard even in the drama of such an unparalleled destiny; and if the heart is not always a justification, it is at least an excuse. Justice should weigh such excuses, even when she condemns.

Marie Louise never loved Napoleon. How could she love him? He had grown old in camps, and amidst the toils of ambition; she was only nineteen. His soldier's heart was cold and inflexible as the spirit of calculation which accomplished his greatness; that of the fair German princess was gentle, timid, and pensive as the poetic dreams of her native land. She had fallen from the steps of an ancient throne; he had mounted upon his by the force of arms, and by trampling hereditary rights under foot. Her early prejudices and education had taught her to consider Napoleon as the scourge of God, the Attila of modern kingdoms, the oppressor of Germany, the murderer of princes, the ravager of nations, the incendiary of capitals—in a word, the enemy against whom her prayers had been raised to Heaven from her cradle in the palace of her ancestors. She regarded herself as a hostage conceded through fear to the conqueror, after the ungrateful and tolerated repudiation of a wife who had been the very instrument of his fortunes. She felt that she had been sold, not given. She looked upon herself as the cruel ransom of her father and her country. She had resigned to her fate as an immolation. The splendours of an imperial throne were to her as the flowers decking a victim for sacrifice. Cast alone, and without a friend, into a court composed of parvenu soldiers, revolutionary courtiers, and bantering women, whose names, manners, and language were unknown to her, her youth was consumed in silent etiquette. Even her husband's first addresses were not calculated to inspire confidence. There was something disrespectful and violent in his affection: he wounded even when he sought to please. His very love was rough and imperious; terror interposed between him and the heart of his young wife, and even the birth of an ardently-desired son could not unite such opposite natures. Marie Louise felt that to Napoleon she was only a medium of posterity, not a wife and a mother, but merely the root of a hereditary dynasty. This master of the world could not boast even the inherent virtues of love—faith and constancy to the one woman. His attachments were transient and numerous. He respected not the jealousies natural to the bosom of the wife; and though he did not openly proclaim his amours like Louis XIV., neither did he possess that monarch's courtesy and refinement. The most noted beauties of his own and of foreign courts were not to him objects of passionate love, but of irresistible, transient desire; thus even mingling his contempt with his love. Napoleon's long and frequent absences; his severe and minute orders so strictly observed by a household of spies instead of friends, chosen rather to control than to execute the will of the Empress; his pettishness of temper on his frequent abrupt returns; morose and melancholy after experiencing reverses (her only recreation being ostentatious, tiresome and frivolous ceremonies); nothing of such a life, of such a character, of such a man, was calculated to inspire Marie Louise with love. Her heart and her imagination expatriated in France, and remained beyond the Rhine. The splendours of the Empire might have consoled another; but Marie Louise was better formed for the tender attachment of private life, and the simple pleasures of a German home.—*Lamartine's History of Napoleon.*

A still more private passage of Napoleon's life is thus related in this work of M. Lamartine.

#### THE YOUNG COUNTESS WALESKI.

But while victory and indifference thus removed from him the wife which policy had given him, but which empire could not attach to him, adversity brought back to him at Fontainbleau a young and beautiful foreigner, whose love neither defeat nor exile could extinguish. Among the numerous and fugitive objects of his capricious and illegitimate attachments, Napoleon had loved once perhaps with a tender and durable passion. At the summit of his success and glory, at a *fete* at Warsaw, the beauty of a young Polish lady, intoxicated with enthusiasm for his name, had made a lively impression on him. She was the young wife of a noble Samartian already advanced in years. She shone, for the first time, amid the pomps of a court. She adored in Napoleon—as what Pole then did not?—genius, victory, and the fallacious hope of the independence of her country.

Her countenance beamed with the adoration she internally felt. Napoleon saw her, understood her, loved her. Long resistance, violent struggles between passion and duty, and tears fanned the flame into a passion. The Emperor carried off the Countess Waleski from her husband, from her country. He conveyed her to his camps and to his conquered capitals. A son was born, the result of this attachment. A handsome residence at Paris, often visited at night by Napoleon, concealed from public view the ever-impassioned mother of this child.

Adversity rendered her fault almost sacred, and his love more dear to hear. She wished, by devoting herself to the exile, to atone for her weakness for the conqueror of Europe. She wrote to Napoleon to ask for an interview, and to offer to accompany him wherever misfortune might lead him. He consented to the interview; and the last night but one which preceded the departure of the Emperor from Fontainbleau, the young wife was introduced by a back staircase into the room adjoining the bedroom of her lover. The confidential valet announced to his master the arrival of her whom he had consented to receive. Napoleon was plunged into that kind of dreamy stupor which had overcome him since his fall. He answered that he would shortly call her who on his account had braved modesty and adversity. The young lady, in tears, waited in vain the greater part of the night. He called her not. She heard him, nevertheless, walking in his room. The attendant again reminded his master of his visitor. "Wait a little longer," said the Emperor. At length, the night having passed away and day beginning to dawn, there was some danger of the secret interview being revealed; when the young woman, repulsed, dejected, and offended, was reconducted, in tears, to her carriage by the confidential witness of her last adieus. Whether it was that Napoleon had lost all sense of feeling in the agitation of his mind, or that he was ashamed to appear as the cast down captive before her who had loved him as the victor and sovereign of Europe, he evidently had no compassion for her devotion. When the confidential servant entered his chamber in the morning, and described the hopes, the fears, and the shame of the Countess Waleski, "Ah!" said he, "it is humiliating for her as well as myself; but the hours passed without my being aware of them. I had something here," he added, touching his forehead with his finger. Despair, which softens the hearts of other men, rendered his hard and frigid.

### ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

ON Tuesday week Mr. Albert Smith, with three other gentlemen and twenty guides, set out from the quiet valley of Chamouny, for the summit of Mont Blanc. Telescopes were fixed from the windows of the inn, and in other places, and before six o'clock it was evident the voyagers had crossed the great glacier, and had arrived at their resting place for the night—on the *Grands Mulets*. On the following morning, as soon as daylight afforded a clear view, the adventurers were again visible by aid of a good glass, and by twelve o'clock were seen making the final ascent. They rested on the summit for about twenty minutes, and then commenced their descent, arriving at Chamouny on Wednesday night about seven o'clock. The excitement during the previous twenty-four hours had been very great in Chamouny; anxious wives and parents having husbands and sons amongst the party up in the snows. Sir Robert Peel (who arrived after the departure of his relative, Mr. Floyd, for the ascent) invited nearly all the men remaining in the village, about sixty in number, to an entertainment provided at an *auberge*, where they were supplied with wine and other popular liquids in which to drink "the health of the Englishmen who were sleeping on Mont Blanc" When the party from Mont Blanc approached the village, nearly all the inhabitants assembled to meet them. Guns were fired in quick succession; the harps and fiddles of the valley were in requisition, and a sort of half comical, half triumphal scene ensued. The travellers and guides looked very jaded and sun-scorched, and had very bloodshot eyes and rather dilapidated costumes, but, in other respects, seemed to be in tolerable condition. The successful ascent by four Englishmen, turns the scale of numbers in favour of the English; the French tourists having been hitherto accustomed to point with satisfaction to the fact that more of their countrymen than of ours had succeeded in reaching the top of the King of the Alps. The present forms the thirty-fifth ascent—the first dating in 1787. The cost as well as the labour and danger of these daring excusions is very great. The talk of the village declares that the ascent will cost the party fully £150. The gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Smith were the Hon. Lionel Sackville West (son of Earl Delaware), Mr. Charles Floyd (cousin of Sir Robert Peel), and Mr. Philips, of Christchurch College, Oxford. Mr. Smith's own account is as follows:

"We left Chamouny at seven o'clock in the morning, on Tuesday, and got to our bivouac on the glaciers at the Grands Mulets at four o'clock. Here we made a fire and dined, and at midnight started again with lanterns, as the moon was not up, along the Glacier de Taccounay, reaching the Grand Plateau (where the avalanche swept away Dr. Hamel's party in 1820) about four o'clock in the morning. After a great deal of trouble amongst the *crevasses*, and having at times to cut each footstep in the ice with hatchets, we scaled the Mur de la Cotè, and got to the summit of Mont Blanc at half-past nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, where we remained half an hour in the enjoyment of a perfectly cloudless view. In descending we got back to the Grands Mulets by one o'clock. The most dangerous part of the journey now commenced, as the extreme heat of the day had thawed much of the snow on the Glacier du Bossons, which threatened at every step to give way beneath us. We were, however, all tied together with cords; but for this one of our party would have been lost. We ultimately arrived in safety at Chamouny at half-past six o'clock in the evening, where the whole village turned out to meet us, and a little *fete* was prepared by M. Tairraz, of the Hotel de Londres, in honour of our safe return. Guns were fired, and wine distributed, and at night the bridge was illuminated with pine branches. I believe we formed the largest party ever assembled together on the summit; but the increased number of guides was necessary from the treacherous state of the snow, after the bad weather that has prevailed here lately."—*London Times.*

### FLIES.

THE flies are gone, but where are they gone to? that is the question. At the close of summer, when they are busy buzzing around us in the shape of a visitation, it is certainly no easy matter to let them "pass by us as the idle wind;" but in one respect they are to most people, like the wind too, since they scarce know whence they come or whither they go. Doubt the first, as to whence they come, is not difficult to solve, though perhaps with the most presuming of flies, as with the most presuming of folks, the more we pry into their places of birth, the more we may be inclined (but with the insect not justly) to hold them in contempt; suffice it, that as the domestic fly makes himself quite at home in our houses, so has his parent, in all likelihood, made herself equally free of our stables, where she finds a hot-bed for her eggs, and in the same a provision for her infant race. There, in their first and wingless state of maggot or larva, they commence, thus early, their important use of helping to rid the earth of all things that offend; and on how grand a scale they are able to carry on this operation may be estimated from the fact, that a single fly will lay no less than 177 eggs. House flies come then chiefly from the stable, the road, and the grazing meadow; though some nearly resembling them come from other places, and exist in their earliest state on vegetable, instead of animal, substances. Among these we have noticed a very common species, which finds its first "bed and board" between the upper and under skins of dock-leaves, burrowing and feeding on the pulpy flesh.—From spring to autumn, we may see them thus busily employed, merely by gathering and holding to the light such leaves as are to be found continually *not* adorned by large, discoloured, transparent blotches, the outward tokens of their inward presence. These from the above habit, may be ranked among a sect of insect labourers or feeders of more classes than one, hence called leaf-miners, some of whose winding ways we mean, by-and-by, to follow.

For query the second, and that just now more pertinent to the season, of whither flies go on the arrival of winter, it still remains, we believe, a problem not yet completely solved even by naturalists, who have maintained opinions on the matter nearly as different as on the hybernation of swallows. A great proportion, no doubt, perish from cold, or the many accidents to which their weakness and growing torpor render them, as the year declines, more and more exposed. Yet how few comparatively of the swarms so agile, head downwards on the ceiling, do we ever perceive (or our house-maids either) stiff and stark, legs upwards on the floor. That fly survivors there are, laid up snugly in secret hybernacula, is further evidenced by the few which are often seen emerging from nobody knows where in mild winter weather, also by those more lonely bodies tempted by the warmth of the fire to creep forth even in nipping frost. Under such forlorn circumstances, a fly becomes, to us at least, an object of absolute interest; our dislike, amounting almost to antipathy, of the intrusive, buzzing, pilfering, boozing, tickling varlet, one of the dusky legions which "possess" us in the months of August and September, is converted into sympathy for the poor, mateless, friendless, shivering, silent creature, lured by deceptive warmth to quit the shelter of his winter asylum. We would make him as welcome, now, to his tiny bit or sup as the red-breast to his crumbs of comfort, and on occasion would even stretch out a willing finger to save him from a flood of milk, or a morass of honey. Yet more, when thus rescued and set, damp or dripping, on the heated mantelpiece, we have often watched with curious and interested eye the poor pilferer's gradual restoration, marking how at first languidly, and then with increasing briskness, he busies his handy paws; now, cat-like, stroking and wiping his head and face and large moveless eyes, then with his hinder limbs performing the like operation on his wings and body.

How does the fly feed?—the "busy, curious, thirsty fly, that drinks with me," but does not "drink as I," his sole instrument for eating and drinking being his trunk or sucker, the narrow pipe, by means of which, when let down upon dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk might seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer of syrup, or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry; but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find, on close inspection, growing "small by degrees," under his attack How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the fly dissolves his rock, Hannibal fashion, by a dilutent, a salivary fluid passing down through the same pipe which returns the sugar melted into syrup. . . .

The fly is a perfect insect, (or *imago*,) having already passed through its two preparatory stages of transformation, those of larva and pupa, corresponding to what, with the butterfly, is more generally known as caterpillar and chrysalis; so that, like the butterfly, when winged it grows no more. Those middle-sized fly gentry, also nearly equalized, which form the main body of our parlour visitants, are altogether a different species to those of much lesser or greater magnitude, such as some tiny frequenters of flowers, the bouncing blue-bottle, and the black, and grey-chequered blow-fly, those pests pre-eminent of the larder, which, as every cook knoweth, are neither

"Hatched on the road—nor in the stable bred."

Numerous gray-coloured varieties may be seen between spring and autumn, and in September, nearly altogether, grouped in a *tableau-vivant*, settled and sipping on the honeyed clusters of the Michaelmas daisy, that last starry heaven of their existence, at all events of the year. Later still, towards the end of October and beginning of November, when taking a noon-day walk under a southern ivy-crested wall, you may be sure to see some or all of them come out to meet you from their dark-green bush of shelter. Even now, if you examine closely between the wall and the bearded ivy stems which embrace it, you may detect behind them many a refugee of the revolutionary year, and you may, perhaps, be rewarded for your troubles by turning out from the same shelter, in lieu of a sleepy fly, a hybernating butterfly—

"Startling the eye
With unexpected beauty."

Once more to our picture. You know, we suppose that the fly has a pair of wings; but a hundred to one if one of you out of a hundred has ever noticed that she has also a pair of winglets, (or little secondary wings,) and a pair of poisers, drum-stick-like appendages between the main wings and the body, employed for assisting and steadying her flight.—These poisers are much more conspicuous and easily observed without a magnifier in the gnat and in the father long-legs, insects belonging to the same order as flies.

Did it ever occur to you to notice the prismatic painting of a fly's nervous pinion—the iridescent colours wherewith its glassy membrane seems overlaid? If not, only look, we pray you, in a proper light at the next of its kind you may chance to meet with, and if, as is most likely, it comes to tell you a pleasant tale of approaching spring-time, we are verily sure that you will see a hundred rainbows painted on its wing.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

### A PAINFUL CASE.

*An account of a recent trial at the Old Bailey in London—Lord Chief Justice Tindal, Presiding.*

GEORGE HAMMOND, a portrait painter, was placed at the bar, to be tried on an indictment found against him by the grand jury, for wilful murder, with malice aforethought, of George Baldwin, a rope-dancer and a mountebank. The prisoner was a man of middle height, but slender form.—His eyes were blue and mild. His whole being gave evidence of subdued sadness and melancholy resignation. He was forty-one years of age, had a soft voice, and his appearance and manner bore testimony to his being a man of distinguished education in spite of the poverty of his dress.

On being called on to plead, the prisoner admitted he had killed Baldwin, and he deplored the act; adding, however, that on his soul and conscience, he did not believe himself guilty. Thereupon a jury was empannelled to try the prisoner. The indictment was then read to the jury, and the act of killing being admitted, the government rested their case, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence.

The prisoner then addressed himself to the court and jury.

"My Lord," said he, "my justification is to be found in a recital of the facts.—Three years ago, I lost a daughter, then four years of age, the sole memorial left of my beloved wife, whom it pleased God to recall to Himself. I lost her; but I did not see her die, as I had seen her mother die. She disappeared—she was stolen from me. She was a charming child, and but for her, I had nobody in the world to love me. Gentlemen, what I have suffered cannot be described—you cannot comprehend it. I have expended in advertising and fruitless searches, every thing I possessed—furniture, pictures, even to my clothes. All have been sold, For three years, and on foot, I have sought for my child in all the cities and all the villages in the three kingdoms. As soon as by painting portraits, I had succeeded in gaining a little money, I returned to London, to re-commence my advertisements in the newspapers. At length, on Friday, the 14th day of April last, I crossed the Smithfield Cattle Market. In the centre of the market a troupe of mountebanks were performing their feats. Among them a child was turning on its head, its legs in the air, and its head supported by a halberd. A ray from the soul of its mother must have penetrated my own, for me to have recognised my child in that condition. Her mother would, perhaps, have precipitated herself towards her, and locked in her arms. As for me, a veil passed over my eyes. I threw myself on the chief of the rope-dancers. I knew not how it was, I, habitually gentle, even to weakness, seized him by his clothes, I raised him in the air, then dashed him to the ground—then again. He was dead. Afterwards I repented what I had done. At that moment I regretted that I was only able to kill one."

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE TINDAL.—"Those are not Christian sentiments. How can you expect the court and jury to look with favour on your defence, or God to pardon you if you cannot forgive."

PRISONER.—"I know, my Lord, what will be your judgment, and that of the jury, but God has already pardoned me; I feel it in my heart. You know not, I knew not then, the whole extent of the evil the man had done me. When some compassionate people brought me my daughter in my prison she was no longer my child. She was not pure and angelic as formerly—she was corrupted body and soul. Her manner, her language, infamous, like those of the people with whom she had been living. She did not recognise me, and I no longer recognised her myself. Do you comprehend me now? That man had robbed me of the love and soul of my child. And I—I have killed him but once."

FOREMAN.—"My lord, we have agreed in our verdict."

CHIEF JUSTICE.—"I understand you, gentlemen, but the law must take its course. I must sum up the case, and then you will retire to deliberate."

The Chief Justice having summed up the case, the jury retired, and in an instant after returned into the Court, with a verdict of "Not Guilty."

On the discharge of Hammond, the Sheriff was obliged to surround him with an escort The crowd of men and women was immense. The women were determined to carry him off in triumph. The crowd followed him all the way to his lodgings with deafening shouts and huzzas.

### JUSTICE IN RUSSIA.

"JUSTICE AND POLICE," says Mr. Jerrman, "are the scandal of the Russian empire." Shameful corruption prevails among officers of every grade. The laws themselves he considers not only well adapted to the character and spirit of the people, but for the most part humane—far more so than accords with the popular notions of Russian laws. Justice is cheap. Stamps excepted, a law suit may be carried through and decided without costing a farthing to the parties concerned—it might be so at least but for the ingenious devices of secretaries and officials, who, under one pretext and another, exact heavy bribes and fees from the pleaders' pockets. And when judgment is obtained, innumerable difficulties are put in the way of its execution—difficulties that gold alone can remove. In police matters the state of things is still worse. The Russian police are extremely shrewd and active; but so great is their faculty of retention, that a person who has been robbed never considers his chance of recovering his property so small as when the police have detected the thief. So strong is this feeling, that robberies would seldom be reported, did not the laws, in the interest of public security, render such report compulsory. The police are by far the greatest robbers in St. Petersburg. Accomplices after the crime, they take stolen goods, punish the theives, but restore nothing to the owners. A Courland nobleman, Mr. Von H., lost some silver spoons, knives and forks, stolen out of his plate chest. Some weeks afterwards, one of his servants came rejoicing to him; he had found the stolen goods; they were openly exposed for sale in a silversmith's shop window. Mr. H. went to the window, recognised his property, took a police officer with him, and made the silversmith show them his plate. His arms and initials were upon it; the dealer admitted he had bought it of a stranger, and offered to restore it to its rightful owner. Mr. H. would have taken away his property, but the lieutenant of police forbade that, drew up a formal statement of the affair, and requested Mr. H., as a proof that the plate was his, to send to the police some other articles out of the chest to which he affirmed it to belong. Mr. H. sent the whole case with its contents to the bureau. He never saw either of them again.

Mr. Jerrman had the story from the victim's own lips and soon afterwards told it to a friend, a physician in St. Petersburg, thinking he should greatly astonish him. Astonished the physician certainly was; not, however, at the rascality of the police, but at the simplicity of Mr. H., who ought to have known them far too well to have trusted them with his plate chest. The St. Petersburg thieves are exceedingly skillful and daring. The doctor, too, had his tale to tell. He wanted a coachman. One applied for the place just as his droschki happened to be at the door, and, by the doctor's desire, he drove up and down the street, to give a specimen of his skill, which was satisfactory. The doctor called to him to come up stairs, and sat down to dinner. The man did not appear; inquiry was made; he had driven away the horse and carriage, and was nowhere to be found The doctor made his report to the police, as in duty bound, but at the same time made a formal declaration that he renounced all claim to the stolen property, and declined taking it back again. The precaution was most judicious. He could not do without a vehicle, so bought another the same day, and when the police, six weeks afterwards, brought him back horse and droschki, they were in so wretched a state, and the charges so enormous, that he was heartily glad to have it in his power to decline receiving his property, or paying the costs. Mr. Jerrman himself had some plate stolen—of no great value, but as a christening gift to his child, he was anxious to get it back. The police soon found it, but put a thousand difficulties in the way of giving it up, and the commissary to whom Mr. Jerrman applied almost laughed in his face at the idea of its restitution. This time, however, the policeman was outwitted by the actor. "I happen to dine to-day with Browtky," said the latter, "and I will just mention this incident to him, as a curious example of the facility with which one recovers stolen goods in St. Petersburg when once they are in the hands of the police." The commissary affected to laugh, but it was with an ill grace. The spoons were speedily forthcoming.

Perowsky, whose name had so talismanic an effect and with whom Mr. Jerrman had invented an intimacy for the sake of his plate chest, is the minister of the home department, appointed by Nicholas with the express aim of checking the corruption prevalent amongst officials. Mr. Jerrman declares him admirably qualified for the Herculean labour, but fears to speak too confidently of his chances of success, even if he should escape the countless intrigues and cabals organized against him by the thousand-headed monster he has to combat. He has the support of the emperor, however, and the cordial good wishes of the people, who are the gainers by his zealous labours. His personal exertions are described by Mr. Jerrman as extraordinary and unremitting. Disguised, and with a long false beard, he went about to shops and stalls, purchasing sugar, meat and butter and checking the weight of his purchases. Many shops were closed, but the housewives of St. Petersburg rejoiced at the augmentation of weight and measure. To prove to the administration of the police what venal officers were to be found in its ranks he once sent for its chief, and communicated to him information he had received, that every night, in a particular house, prohibited games of chance were played. He asked for two of the most trustworthy officers, and sent them at night to the house in question. It was surrounded, and the two agents went up stairs to the apartment that had been indicated to them. There they found a party of six or eight gentlemen, seated at a round table, in the full enjoyment of a game at *faro*, and with heaps of gold before them. Caught *in flagranti*, the disconcerted gamblers were about to be conveyed to the guard-house, when one of them managed to make the two police tyrants understand that "*ecarte*," which they had just been playing, was a very harmless amusement; that the pile of gold upon the table was no evidence against them; that they were in the habit of playing this game—which was one of skill, not of chance—for very high sums; and, to prove this assertion, he offered to play a game at *ecarte* with each of the police agents at a thousand rubles a game. The agents accepted the offer, as well as the thousand rubles, took themselves off, and next morning the chief of the district reported to the minister that the visit to the suspected house had produced no other result than the discovery of a party of gentlemen harmlessly amusing themselves with a friendly game at cards. Perowsky sent for the two police agents, heard their report from their own mouths, and then, turning to their chief, who was present, "Learn," he said, "what dependence you can place on the men in whom you confide, and who should be the guardians of the public welfare." And opening a side door, he disclosed to the astonished officials the gamblers of the night before, sitting around the same green table, in the same order, and engaged in the same prohibited game.—*From a Review in Blackwood.*

#### IMPERIAL HOUSEKEEPING.

Some years ago, it appears, the Empress of all the Russias took it into her head to look into the state of her housekeeping. She ordered the daily reports of expenditure to be brought to her, and found in the first she took up the following rather singular item: "A bottle of rum for the Naslednik" (heir to the crown). This struck her as strange, and excited her curiosity to look further back; but what was her astonishment when, for years past, she found a bottle of rum set down every day to the account of the Naslednik. Shocked to find her son such a confirmed drinker, she continued her investigations, and found that even in his infancy he had made the same enormous consumption of spirits—that in his cradle, and on the very day of his birth, he was still charged with the daily bottle; and on referring back to before his birth, the bottle was still put down. This was inexplicable. Continuing her researches, however, the empress at last got the first bottle. It was set down in some year of the last century, and the following note was on the margin: "On account of violent toothache a tea-spoonful with sugar to be given; by order of the physician of the imperial court." So because the Emperor Alexander, when heir-apparent, had taken a teaspoonful of rum for a toothache, a bottle had ever since been daily drawn from the imperial cellar, and nominally consumed by him and his successors. This was rather too strong, and led to further investigations; and the empress informed her husband of the discoveries she had made. He read and calculated and cyphered, and at last exclaimed, "If this goes on, I shall have to pledge my lands in order to pay for my table. An end must be put to this—*I will put myself out to board.*" And no sooner said than done. Next day the imperial kitchen existed no longer. A liberal contract was entered into for the board of the imperial household: a great economy was effected, everybody was better fed, and all were content save cooks and butlers.—*Ibid.*

### A VENERABLE HEROINE.

AT the head of the list of Knights of the Legion of Honour, lately created by the President of the Republic, figures the widow Brulon, born in 1771, at present an officer in the invalides, where she has lived for the last 52 years, enjoying the esteem and veneration of her old companions in glory. The widow Brulon was the daughter, sister, and wife of military men, who died in active service in the army of Italy. Her father served 38 years without interruption, from 1757 to 1795; her two brothers were killed on the field of battle in Italy, and her husband died at Ajaccio in 1791, after seven years' service. In 1792, at the age of 21, she entered the 42d Regiment of Infantry, in which her husband died, and where her father still served, and made herself so remarkable by her honourable conduct, both as a female and a soldier, that she was permitted to continue in the service notwithstanding her sex. She was attached to that regiment for seven years (from 1792 to 1799) and performed seven campaigns, under the *nom de guerre* of "*Liberte*," as simple soldier, corporal, sergeant and serjeant major. On several occasions, and particularly at the defence of the Fort of Gesco, in Corsica, and at the siege of Calvi, she fought with extraordinary courage. Among the numerous authentic certificates of her brilliant deeds is the following:

"We, the undersigned corporal, and soldiers of the detachment of the 42d regiment, in garrison at Calvi, certify and attest that on the 5th Parial, year II., the *citoyenne* Marie Angelique Josephe Duchemin, widow Burlon, discharging the functions of sergeant, commanded us at the attack of the fort of Gesco; that she fought with the courage of a heroine; that the Corsican rebels and the English having attempted to storm the fort, we were obliged to fight with side arms; that she received a cut of a sword in the right arm and, a moment afterwards, a stab from a stilletto in the left arm; that, seeing us in want of ammunition, at midnight, she set out for Calvi, a distance of half a league, and, displaying the zeal and courage of a real republican, she induced 60 women to rise out of their beds and carry a supply of ammunition to the fort. She escorted a party with four men. We were thus enabled to repulse the enemy and maintain our ground."

Later, at the siege of Calvi, she directed the fire of a 16 pounder in one of the bastions, and was seriously wounded in the left leg by the bursting of a shell. This last wound rendering her incapable of continuing in the service, she was admitted, on the 23d Frimaire, year VII., in the Hotel des Invalides. On the 2d October, 1822, she was promoted to the rank of Ensign. General Lafou Maubourg announced her promotion in the following terms:

"Madame Brulon, *militaire invalide*, who hold the rank of sergeant before entering the Hotel, has obtained from the kindness of the King, the honorary rank of ensign. She will be recognised in that capacity on parade. The Governor hastens to make known this new favour, conferred by his Majesty on a person who has proved herself worthy of it by her excellent principles, her good sentiments, and the consideration she enjoys in the Hotel."

The feats of courage and the irreproachable life of that extraordinary woman are attested by all the general officers under whose orders she served, and one of them, Gen. Lacombe St. Michel, described her in a letter written on the 15th Frimaire, year XIV., to Marshal Serurier, then Governor of the Invalides, "as having rendered herself worthy, by qualities above her sex, to participate in the rewards reserved for the 'brave.' Marshal Jerome Bonaparte and General Randon concurred in that opinion, and their proposition in favour of the widow Brulon was sanctioned by the President of the Republic.

### MACAULAY THE HISTORIAN.

THERE is a common pedestrian of London streets well known to all who are acquainted with their notabilities. He is a short, stout, sturdy, energetic, man. He has a big round face, and large staring, and very bright hazel eyes. His hair is cut short, and his hat is flung back on the crown of his head. His gait is firm and decided, with a little touch of pomposity. He is ever provided with an umbrella, which he swings and flourishes, and batters on the pavement with mighty thumps. He seems generally absorbed in exciting and impulsive thought, the traces of which he takes no pains to conceal. His face works, his lips move and mutter, his eyes gleam and flash. Squat as is his figure, and not particularly fine his features, there is an unmistakeable air of mental power and energy approaching to grandeur, about the man He is evidently under the influence of the strong excitement of fiery thought. People gaze curiously at him, and stop to stare when he is passed. But he heeds no one—seems, indeed, to have utterly forgotten that he is not alone in his privacy, and pushes on, unwitting of the many who stare and smile, or of the few who step respectfully aside, and look with curiosity and regard upon Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Occasionally, however, the historian and the poet still gives freer vent to the mental impulses which appear to be continually working within him A friend of mine lately recognised him dining in a coffee-room of the Trafalgar Hotel at Greenwich—a fashionable whitebait house which, it appears, he frequently patronises. He was alone, as he generally is, and the attention of more than one of the company was attracted by his peculiar muttering and fidgettiness, and by the mute gestuers with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreamings. All at once—it must have been towards the climax of the prose or verse which he was working up in his mind—Mr. Macaulay seized a massive decanter, held it a moment suspended in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such hearty good will that the solid crystal flew about in fragments, while the numerous parties dining around instinctively started up and stared at the curious iconoclast. Not a whit put about, however, Mr. Macaulay, who was well known to the waiters, called loudly for his bill to be made out at the bar, and then, pulling, with a couple of jerks, his hat and umbrella from the stand, clapped the one carlessly on his head, and strode out flourishing the other.—*Inverness Courier.*

### HAWTHORNE'S SCARLET LETTER.

THE *Art Union Bulletin* for July, contains the following extract from a letter recently received in New York from Lentz, the celebrated painter:—

"DUSSELDORF, May, 1851.

"Many thanks for the books. The 'Scarlet Letter' is splendid—best thing of the kind that I have read for an age,—pictures plenty! but I could only paint one: let me continue the fable. I was struck, when some years ago in the Schwarzald, (in an old castle,) with one picture in the portrait gallery; it has haunted me ever since. It was not the beauty or finish that charmed me, it was something strange in the figures, the immense contrast between the child and what was supposed to be her gouvernante in the garb of some severe order; the child, a girl, was said to be the ancestress of the family, a princess of some foreign land. No sooner had I read the 'Scarlet Letter,' than it burst clearly upon me that the picture could represent no one else than Hester Prynne and litte Pearl. I hurried to see it again and found my suppositions corroborated, for the formerly inexplicable embroidery on the breast of the woman, which I supposed was the token of her order, assumed the form of the letter, and, though partially hidden by the locks of the girl and the flowers in her hair, I set to work upon it at once, and made as close a copy of it, with all its quaintness, as was possible to me, which I shall send you soon. How Hester Prynne ever came to be painted, I can't imagine; it must certainly have been a freak of little Pearl. Strange enough, the castle's name is Perlenburg, the Castle of Pearls, or Pearl Castle, as you please. I am sure you will be struck with it as much as myself."

### WITS GETTING RID OF BORES.

WITS appear to have a happy faculty of getting rid of bores. The old men of the sea that sit so heavily upon the shoulders of the Sinbads are cast adroitly into the mire by a dexterous movement of these nimble gentry. Most men of talent are now and then condemned "for want of company to put up with trumpery." George Selwyn had tolerated a prosy old gentleman in the country, that in *Dogberry's* phrase "would have been most tolerable and not to be endured" in London. In London, therefore, George hurried past him in the street. "Surely," said the gentleman, stopping him, "you remember me?" "Yes," replied Selwyn, breaking away, "and when next we meet in the country, I shall be happy to renew the acquaintance." Sheridan's persecutor was an elderly Twaddler of the fair sex. He escaped her by maintaining that the weather was too bad to go out, and when she caught him returning from a walk, and accused him of inconsistency, "It cleared up," he said, "enough for *one*, but not for two." The suspected feint of Smith, the author of the "Rejected Addresses," is more amusing than either. He was laid up with gout at the house of a country squire. A friend proposed a stroll in the garden. "A stroll," exclaimed Smith; "look at my gouty shoe" "Ah," replied his friend, "I wish I had brought one myself, but our host is out of the way now." "What difference does that make?" inquired Smith. "You don't mean to say," rejoined the friend, "that you have really got the gout! I thought you had merely worn that shoe to escape being shown the improvements." But nothing ever surpassed the ingenuity of Lord Norbury. He once, in Dublin, out of formal civility, told an elderly couple that they must pass some time with him at his country seat, which was many miles distant. He espied them one day coming down the avenue in a chaise and pair, the roof loaded with a mountain of luggage. He was at the door to greet them—seized their hands, shook them with Irish warmth, and exclaimed with rapture, "This *is* kind—this *is* kind indeed! Now, I'll take no denial—none whatever—you *shall* stay and *dine* with me!" When the Abbé Coyar intruded upon Voltaire, with the intention of remaining some weeks at the least, the great man endured him the following day. But the torture of a story interminably long and intolerably dull, induced him to cut short the narrative and the visit by this interlocutory speech—"Do you know the difference, Monsieur l'Abbé, between Don Quixote and yourself! Don Quixote mistook inns for castles, you mistake private houses for inns." There are myriads of Monsieur l'Abbés who have not yet learnt that brevity is the soul of wit, and for their benefit we repeat a favourite story of Franklin, which shows how much verbiage may be pruned away by those who study the art. A hatter setting up business consulted his friends on the inscription for his shop "John Thompson; hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money," with the sign of a hat. The first friend suggested that "hatter" was superfluous—the second that it was better not to mention "ready-money," for it was sometimes prudent to give credit—and a third, that the purchaser of a hat cared not a fragment of nap who *made* it. The inscription was abridged in obedience to these criticisms, and read "John Thompson *sells* hats." "Sells!" exclaimed a fourth, "why, who would expect you to *give* them away?" Upon which the last two words were expunged, and all that remained of the original device was "John Thompson," with the sign of a hat.—*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*

### A REMINISCENCE OF KOSSUTH.

WHOEVER saw the sunburnt faces of the warriors who surrounded the bending form of Kossuth, when he pronounced his farewell words in the barracks of Shumla—whoever beheld the hot tears coursing down the cheeks of his bearded Houveds, when Kossuth bade them "lassos," adieu—will have been reminded by the incident of the "Old Guard," who retained their unswerving devotion to Napoleon to the very latest moment. That moving scene so often represented in pictures—"Napoleon's farewell to his faithful"—was on the 15th of February, 1850 rehearsed before my eyes in living colours. They hung in silence on his every word, that the echo of those well-beloved and inspiring tones might long linger in their souls. Nor did Kossuth forget to gaze long and intently with his streaming eyes upon the countenances of each brave comrade there, to fix the features on his memory. Profoundly agitated as he was, with a trembling voice he spake these words: "Brothers! the first hard necessity of my life for me was that to which I was subjected when constrained to abandon my native soil and noble nation: the second meets me to day, when I behold myself obliged to bid a long farewell to you, glorious remnants of the brave Hungarian army, and compelled by force to depart from Europe to a place where the grave yearns for me. Ye are still strong and efficient,—ye are still permitted by fate to bear arms for our fatherland, and to struggle for its freedom,—a boon no longer granted to me, for I feel my strength failing me with every day. I yield to the unalterable decree of destiny, and see myself doomed to the same sad lot of exile which was meted out to my predecessor Rakoezy.—Brothers! ye are yet young enough to see our fatherland in the glory of her restoration to freedom—Should ye be so blest as to witness this, swear to me that ye will not leave my bones to moulder in a foreign soil, in the land of the barbarian. This ye will promise me, and this I am convinced ye will fulfil." Here Count Ladislaus Vay, with uncovered head, stepped up to Kossuth, and said aloud, in a strong and manly voice: "Great man! who standest there pure and spotless before the eyes of the world—thou whom the Hungarian nation honours to-day as it honoured thee when it chose thee for its regent—thou wilt, thou shalt, *thou must live!* Not thy bones, but thy living self, we will bear back in triumph to our fatherland? This we swear by the Almighty God!" And all bared their heads while they uplifted their hands to take the oath, and solemnly repeated:—"Eskuzunk!"—we swear it. Kossuth kissed and embraced those who stood nearest to him. All pressed towards him to grasp his hand and bathe it with tears. The Old Hussars strove once more to press the hem of his mantle to their lips. The whole group was heart-rending to look upon; even the Turks—and this saying much—were moved to tears at the sight. The train then repaired to Count Casimir Bathyan, to bid him also a heartfelt farewell. The Count left many beautiful reflections of his noble soul in the remembrance of the emigration. Kossuth mounted his horse and was borne away. That brilliant star of the firmament of Hungary, from which the nation had received its greatest light, gradually disappeared, until it could no longer be seen in the whole circuit of the horizon. The waves of the Black Sea once more gave back a reflection of its splendour, and a long night closed in upon that too brief day.—*Sketches of the Magyars, &c. by Von Korn.*